hawkeye® VS DEADPOOL

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DUGGAN

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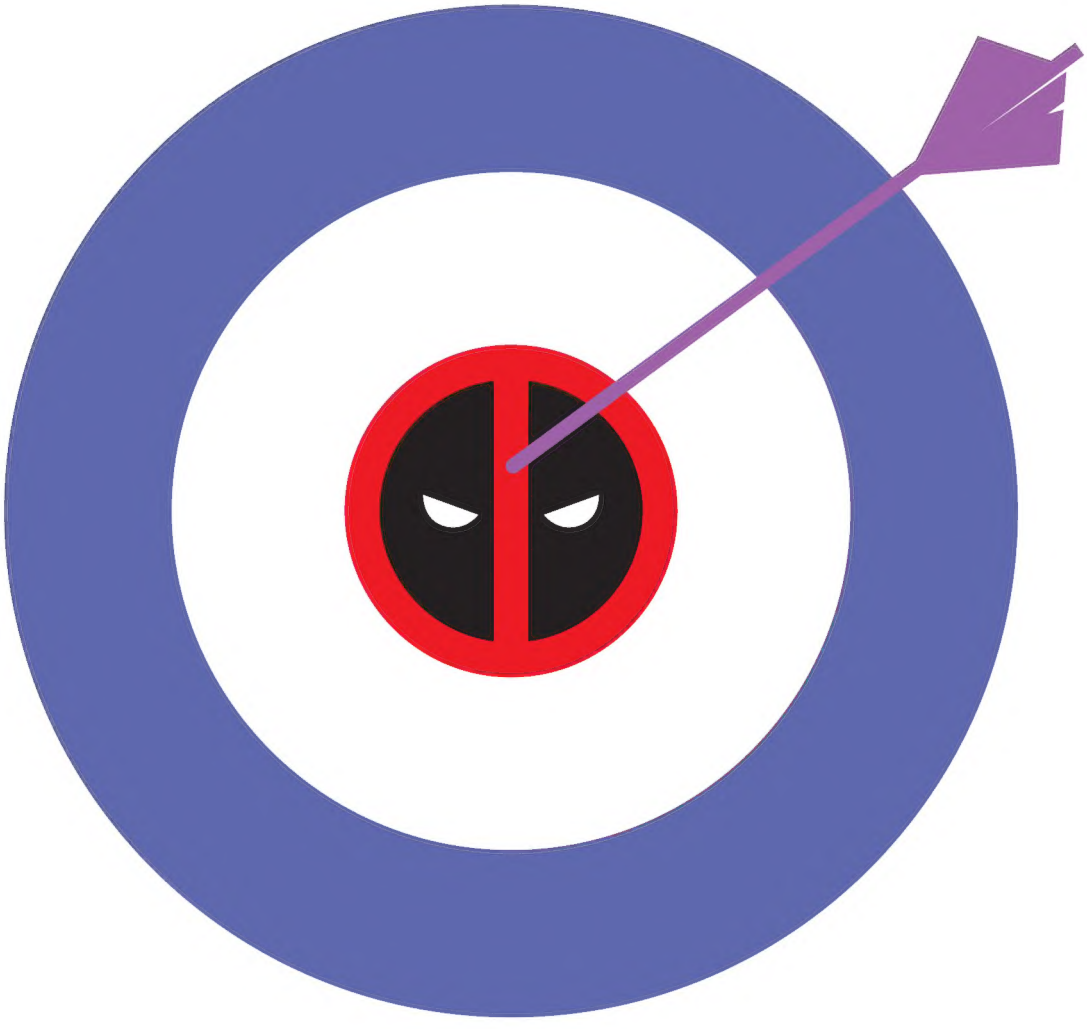

hawkeye VS DEADPOOL

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DEADPOOL CREATED BY **ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NICIEZA**

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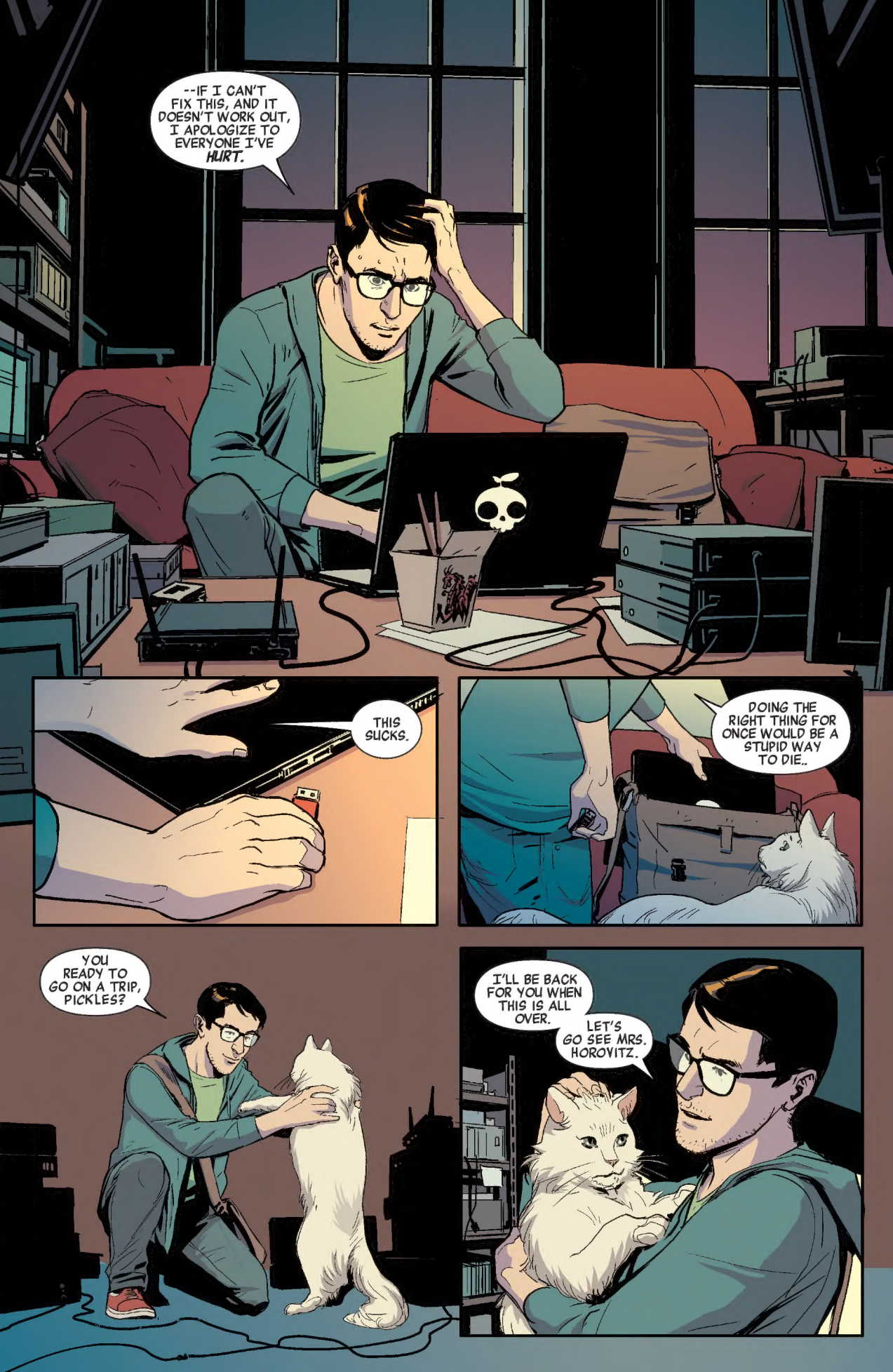
HARREN
2014


--IF I CAN'T FIX THIS, AND IT DOESN'T WORK OUT, I APOLOGIZE TO EVERYONE I'VE HURT.
THIS SUCKS.
DOING THE RIGHT THING FOR ONCE WOULD BE A STUPID WAY TO DIE..
YOU READY TO GO ON A TRIP, PICKLES?
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.
LET'S GO SEE MRS. HOROVITZ.

NO TRICK OR TREATERS! I DON'T DO HALLOWEEN!
IT'S ME, JEREMY--FROM ACROSS THE HALL, MRS. HOROVITZ. YOU SAID YOU WOULD WATCH MY CAT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
WAIT, WHEN DID I SAY THAT?
SORRY, GOTTA RUN!
BUT I'M ALLERGIC TO CATS!
"AND I'M ALLERGIC TO BULLETS..."

BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN. AT THE HOME OF...
SO THERE'S THIS LEGEND ABOUT THE GUY THAT LIVES IN THAT BUILDING.
THE ARROW GUY. HE'S AN AVENGER, RIGHT?
NO WAY.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S NOT THE GOOD PART.
HE GIVES OUT FULL-SIZE CANDY BARS AT HALLOWEEN!
THAT'S INCREDIBLE!
I WONDER IF HE KNOWS IRON MAN?
THE AVENGERS ALL MUST BE RICH!
NOK NOK
NOK NOK

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
HI, HAWKEYE!
HAWKEYE IS NO MORE-- TONIGHT I'M ULTRON!
TRICK OR TREA--WHAT THE?!
YOU GUYS SAID HE GAVE OUT FULL-SIZE CANDY BARS.
HE DID LAST YEAR.
THEY'RE "FUN-SIZE."
NOT REALLY.
YOU'RE WELCOME!
WHAT DO THOSE INGRATES HAVE AGAINST FUN-SIZE?
TRICK-OR-TREAT!
KLIK
NOK NOK

WHAT'S UP WITH THE TINY CANDIES?
'SUP, ULTRON?
TRICK OR TREAT!
ALIEN BUSTERS
WILSON
HI, SIMONE. I GOT FUN-SIZE THIS YEAR.
THIS IS MY FRIEND, EMILY PRESTON. HER SON TERRY, AND HER DAUGHTER, ELLIE.
OVER THERE IS WADE AND ELEANOR.

WELL, SORRY I TALKED UP MY LANDLORD.
HELLO. NICE TO MEET YOU.

SORRY, I TOOK MY HEARING AID OUT WITH THESE HEADPHONES ON, AND I CAN'T READ YOUR LIPS BECAUSE OF YOUR MASK.

HANG ON. I'M SORRY. IS THAT... DEADPOOL?
TECHNICALLY, TONIGHT I'M DADPOOL.

HA-HUH...
WHAT?

CHECK THIS OUT, I KNOW SIGN LANGUAGE NOW. AFTER I MOVED INTO MY ROBOT BODY, I LEARNED LOTS OF LANGUAGES.

OH, COOL!

WAIT-- WHAT?!

I i J j K k L l

OKAY. ROBOT BODY? MY ORIGINAL BODY DIED

M m

SO SORRY! THANKS WADE SAVED MY MIND

S s T t

W w X x

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "PRESBOT".

THE ONE NIGHT I DRESS UP AS A ROBOT...

I i J j K k L l

M m O o

Q q

AND PLACED IT INTO THIS S.H.I.E.L.D. LIFE MODEL DECOY.

U

W w X x

HA. UH. OKAY.

SO, I DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU GUYS TOO LONG. HAVE FUN TONIGHT!

Z

WHAT DO YOU SAY, ELLIE?

HOW COME YOUR CANDY IS *SMALL?*

YEAH, WHAT GIVES, BARTON?

LET'S GO!

IT'S CALLED FUN-SIZE. THEY ARE *FUN!*

YOU'RE *SURE* YOU'RE NOT HOLDING OUT ON US?

NO.

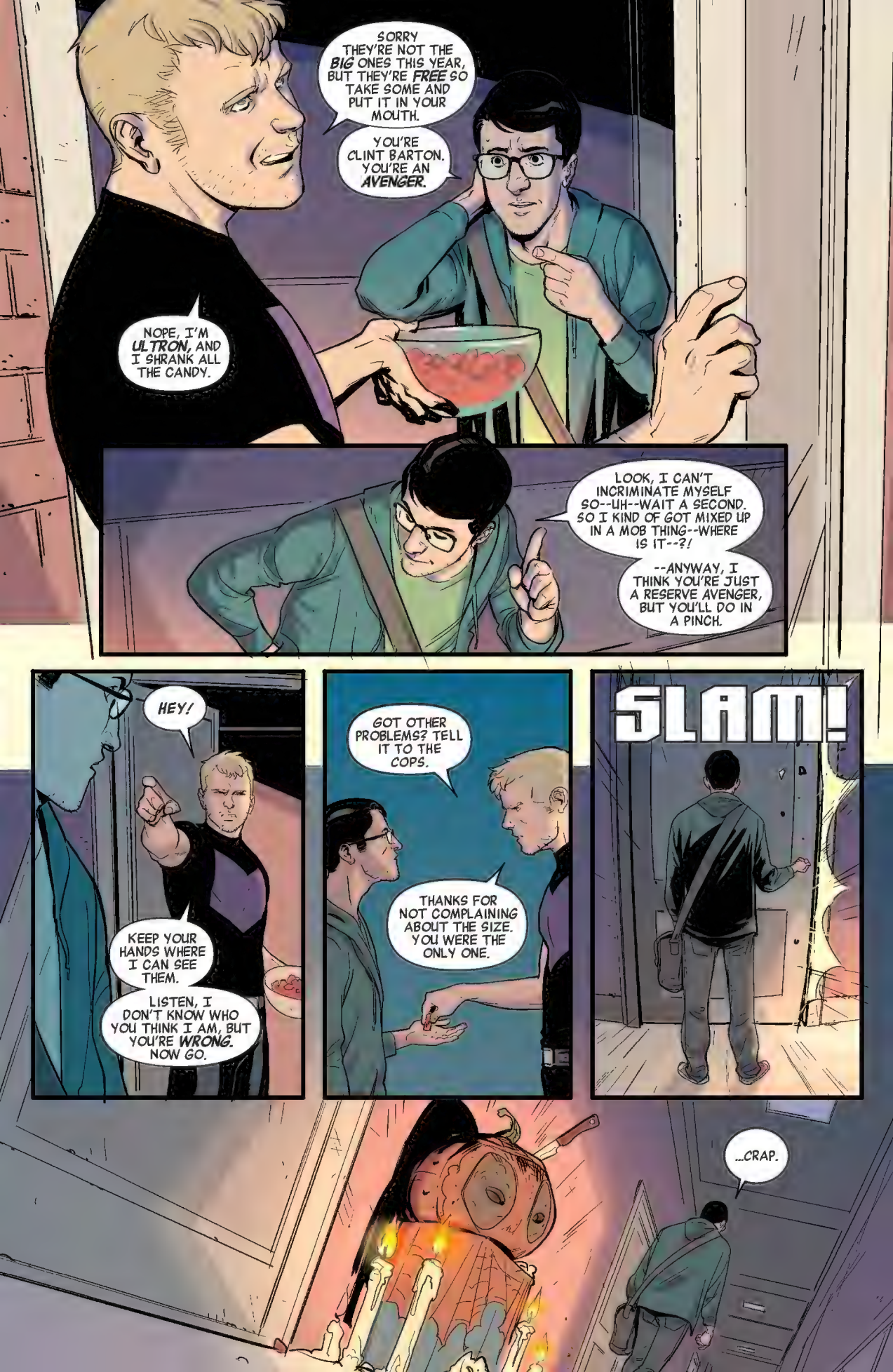
HEY, HEY, JUST MESSING... WE'RE ALMOST DONE TRICK OR TREATING, MAYBE YOU AND I CAN HANG OUT AFTER--

SLAM!

HE MUST HAVE MISHEARD AND THOUGHT I HAD SAID "GOODBYE".

GRRARG!

NOK NOK


SORRY THEY'RE NOT THE BIG ONES THIS YEAR, BUT THEY'RE FREE SO TAKE SOME AND PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH.
YOU'RE CLINT BARTON. YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
NOPE, I'M ULTRON, AND I SHRANK ALL THE CANDY.
LOOK, I CAN'T INCRIMINATE MYSELF SO--UH--WAIT A SECOND. SO I KIND OF GOT MIXED UP IN A MOB THING--WHERE IS IT--?!
--ANYWAY, I THINK YOU'RE JUST A RESERVE AVENGER, BUT YOU'LL DO IN A PINCH.
HEY!
KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM, BUT YOU'RE WRONG. NOW GO.
GOT OTHER PROBLEMS? TELL IT TO THE COPS.
THANKS FOR NOT COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SIZE. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE.
SLAM!
...CRAP.

C'MON. I BET HAWKEYE WAS HOLDING OUT ON US.
BUT I'M GONNA MISS OUT ON CANDY.
THE NIGHT'S OVER, GUYS. I'M NOT GETTING YOU SICK-- NOT EVEN FOR FREE CANDY.
...DEADPOOL?

HERE, I HATE COCONUT.
WELCOME TO THE PARTY, PAL.
MINI CHOCO
MINI CHOCO

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH BAD CANDY?!
LET'S GET OUT OF THE RAIN AND WE CAN START SORTING YOUR CANDY, KIDS.

LOOK, THAT GUY WAS OBVIOUSLY SAD ABOUT COCONUT CANDY.
I WANT TO WARN YOU, KIDS. YOU WILL FIND COCONUT IN YOUR BAGS, TOO. IT'S A LIFE LESSON. SOMETIMES YOU GET COCONUT AND IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD.
BLAM! BLAM!
WOW, THAT GUY *REALLY* HATED COCONUT.
WADE. *GO.*
YOU GO, ROBOCOP. I'LL STAY WITH THE KIDS.
I'M *OFF-DUTY*, WADE. I HAVE OUR KIDS.
NOW. GO *BACK* BARTON!

LOOK AT YOU, MAGIC MIKE!
YOU KNOW I LOVE BREAKAWAY PANTS.
BYE, DADDY.
ELLIE, WHEN WE'RE OUT IN PUBLIC-- I'VE TOLD YOU...
...CALL ME DEADPOOL.
SHK-CHAKK
HANG ON, HAWKGUY! HELP IS ON THE WAY!

HEY, REALLY SPOOKY HALLOWEEN DISPLAY.
UM. ANY MORE FULL-SIZE CANDY BARS?
NO! THAT'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS VIOLENCE, KID, NOW GET OUT OF HERE.
HE'S GONE.

THAT'S NOT "BIG PUN." NO WAY IS THIS CASTLE. THIS GUY IS BIGGER.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
EH, I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU SINCE IT'S ENDING--BUT PUNISHER AND I ARE ON A SECRET TEAM TOGETHER.
I AM A PATRIOT.
JIMINY JILLICKERS, LET'S SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE--
YEAAOOOW!
I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT MY FINGERS!
HEY, DEADPOOL! I HAVE THIS HANDLED.
GO SCREW UP SOMETHING ELSE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I AM A PATRIOT.
UHN...
KWUD
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD...
HAWKEYE!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON...
GRRARGH!
BARTON! ROLL!
GRRRAAAARGH!
BLAM
NO! NO SHOOTING HAWKEYE! HE CAN'T REGENERATE... IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMEONE BOUNCE BACK FROM A GUNSHOT-- SHOOT ME.

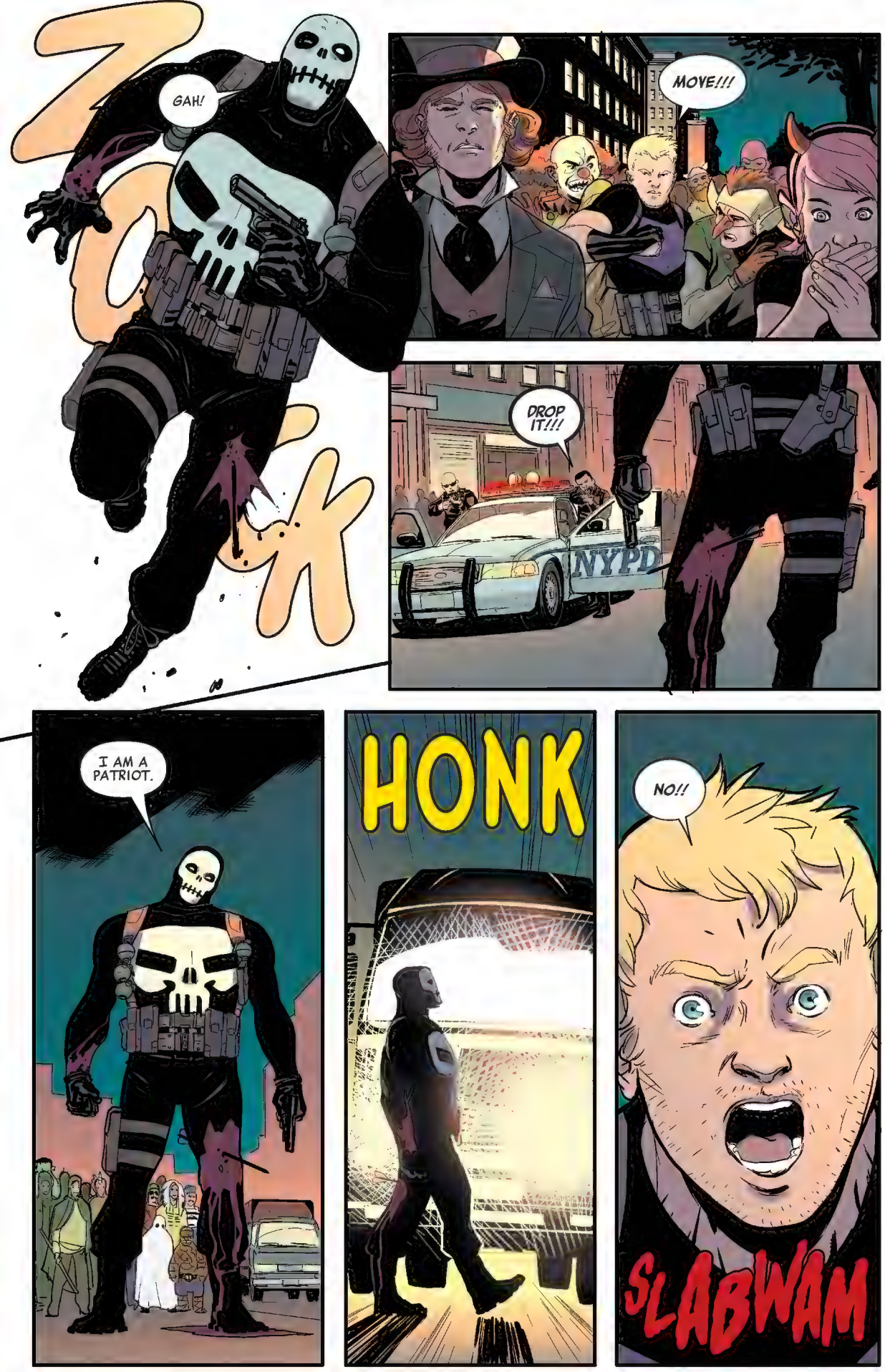
YEOW!!
DEADPOOL, WHO HIT ME?
A SHAVED APE IN DAREDEVIL PAJAMAS.
YOU HANDLE THIS GUY, I'LL FIND THE OTHER GUY.
WHUDD
YOU CAN COUNT ON MEEE-EEAAAAHHNGN!
BZZZT
STAY DOWN, OR WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE REAL PUNISHER.

HE HATH LOOSED THE FATEFUL LIGHTNING OF HIS TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD.
CHOK
A PIN?!
GRENADE!

PWAFF
HE'S TURNING INTO >COUGH< A FOG-CREATURE!
HURRK--
DAMMIT!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.
BLAM BLAM
URK!
DEADPOOL!

GO GET 'EM...
...TIGER.
The bullet damaged my bow...
It will probably shatter the next arrow I let fly.
DELI & MART
E - HOT & COLD SANDWICHES - BEER -SODA- GROCERY
ATM
THAT WAY, MAN.
AW, MAN. MY THREADS...
At best I have one shot.

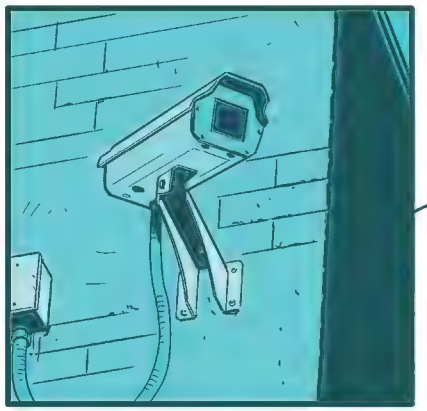
So
I
Better
Be
Damn
Perfect.


GAH!
MOVE!!!
DROP IT!!!
NYPD
I AM A PATRIOT.
HONK
NO!!
SLABWAM

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
COPS NEED TO TALK TO US.
BIG PUN IS DEAD.
COUGH
YOU USED ONE OF YOUR DISINTEGRATING ARROWS, RIGHT?
HE KILLED HIMSELF RATHER THAN BE TAKEN ALIVE.
HURACAAACK!
WHAT ABOUT THE FAKE DAREDEVIL?
NEVER SAW A FAKE DAREDEVIL.
LOOK, THANKS FOR THE SAVE.
LET'S HEAD BACK TO MY PLACE.
THANKS, BUT I CAN'T JUST YET.
I DON'T WANT ELLIE TO SEE ME FULL OF HOLES.
THERE WAS A FAKE DAREDEVIL.
HE TOOK THE DEAD GUY'S BAG.

THIS GIRL, SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER?
CAN I ASK--
YEAH.
GOT IT. LONG STORY.
THE DEAD GUY HAD JUST ASKED FOR MY HELP. I MISTOOK HIM FOR ONE OF THE USUAL NUTS. I SHUT THE DOOR RIGHT IN HIS FACE.
YEAH, YOU DID A LOT OF THAT TONIGHT.
HANG ON A SEC.
I NEED TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A WIENER.
FOUR HOT DOGS, PLEASE.
OH, NO THANKS, I'M NOT HUNGRY.
FINE.
FOUR HOT DOGS, PLEASE, AND NONE FOR MY FRIEND.
HOT

A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
YOU GUYS REALLY STOPPED TO EAT?
RECOVERING FROM DOUBLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS IS AN INVOLUNTARY, CALORIE-BURNING ACTIVITY, DETECTIVES.
HERE'S THE BULLET I SPIT OUT.
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
VIC'S NAME IS JEREMY ELLSDEN, EVER HEAR OF HIM?
SHOULD WE HAVE?
YOU SUPPOSE YOUR BODY WILL EJECT THE OTHER SLUG?
POLICE
CHOMP
EVENTUALLY.
WE'LL NEED THAT ONE TOO.
I CAN START SENDING YOU BULLETS MY BODY PASSES, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW'D YOU'D FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE IS FROM TONIGHT.
YOU GET SHOT THAT MUCH?
THE ONLY GUY THAT GETS SHOT MORE IS 50 CENT.
EW, THAT'S KINDA GROSS.
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE TILL THE MORNING, SO LET'S START FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.



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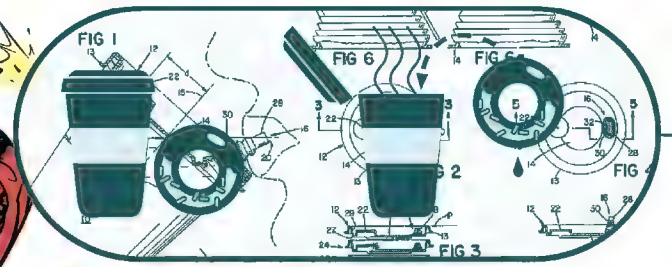


FIG 1
FIG 6
FIG 2
FIG 3
FIG 4

IS THAT WHAT BEING A REVENGER DOES TO YOU?
OH, LEAVE THE POOR THING BE, HE PROBABLY LOOKS LIKE THAT BECAUSE HE SAVED SOMEONE FROM A FIRE.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!
THIS IS TAKING FOREVER!

ARE WE WAITING FOR THE DOG TO SOLVE THE CRIME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING!!

IS THIS WHAT REALLY GOES ON IN BED-STUY?

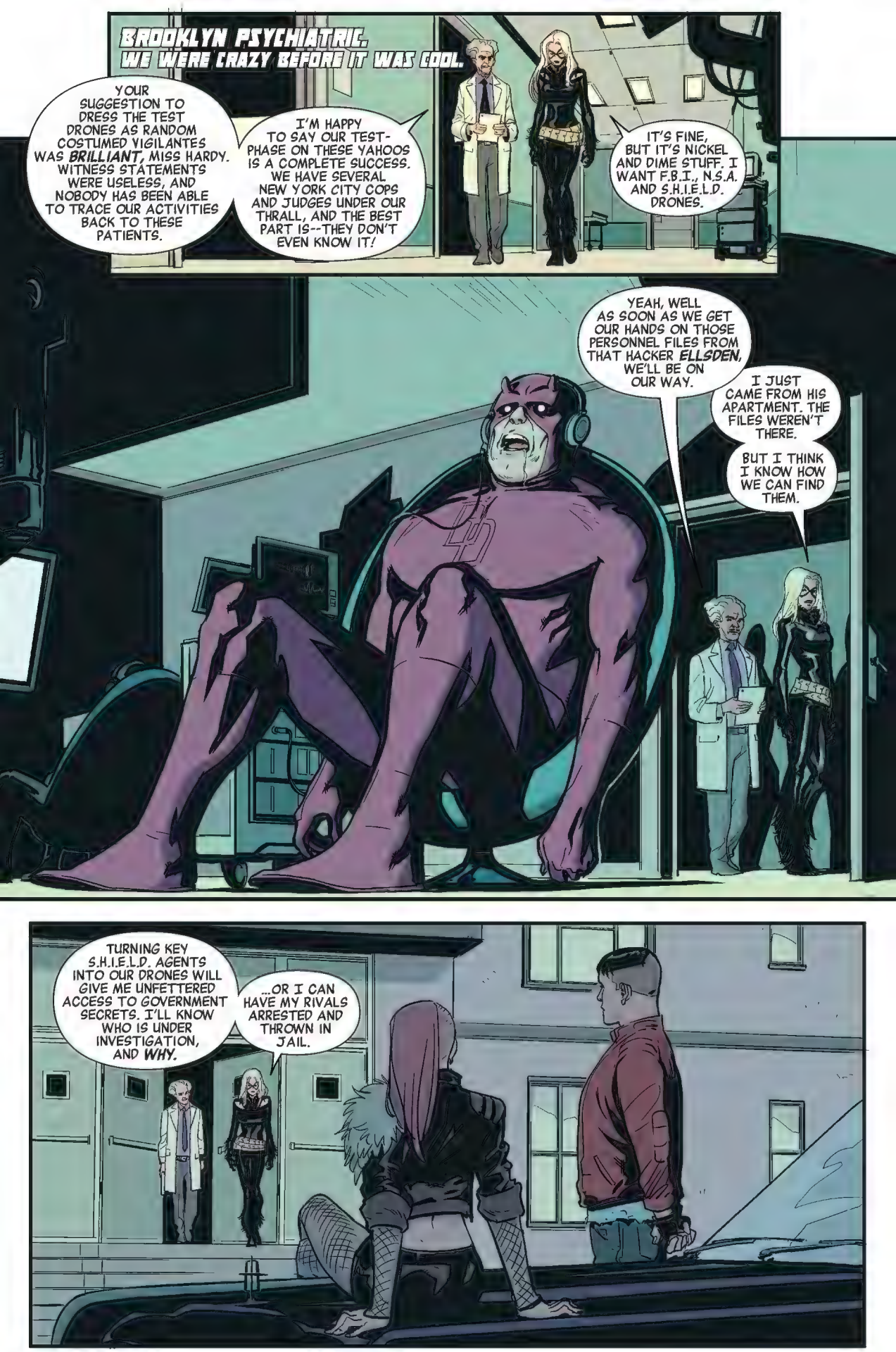
A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT...
EVERYBODY ON MY END GOT HOME SAFE.
WELL...GOOD LUCK WITH "THE MYSTERY OF THE GUY YOU DIDN'T HELPAND THEN HE DIED ON YOUR DOORSTEP".
HEY... THIS ISN'T CANDY!
WHAT KIND OF SICK FREAK GIVES OUT THUMB DRIVES? THIS IS GONNA BE SOME PINHEAD @#&%.
MY NAME IS JEREMY ELLSDEN AND I'VE STOLEN THE COMPLETE HUMAN RESOURCES FILES OF EVERY ACTIVE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.

I DON'T LOVE THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO DIE, EITHER.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?
THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. I'LL HANDLE IT.
MY DAUGHTER LIVES WITH AN ACTIVE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.
AND I SAID-- I'LL HANDLE IT.
CHUDD
OW! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?
DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, I JUST THOUGHT THAT PUNCH WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK YOU OUT.
THEN I WOULD JUST WALK OUT WITH THE DRIVE AND SOLVE THIS WITHOUT ANY DEAD WEIGHT.
DEAD WEIGHT?
"THIS IS BAD NEWS..."

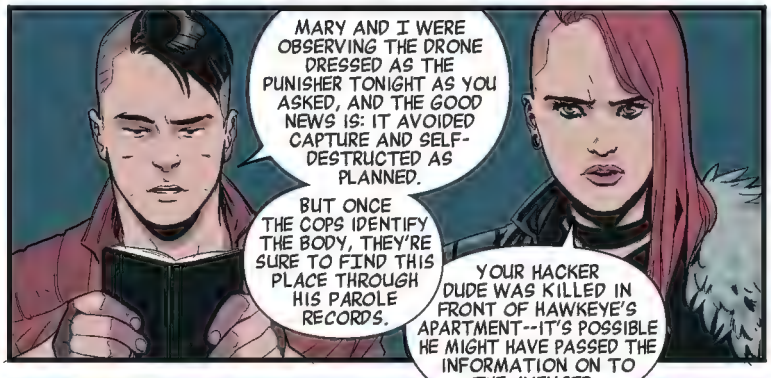
...THE TARGET WAS DOWNED, HOWEVER THE DATA IS STILL MISSING.
TV LED
THE DRONE WAS SUPPOSED TO CAPTURE THE HACKER, NOT KILL HIM, DOCTOR LUSK.
SORRY, WE'RE STILL WORKING OUT THE KINKS. JUST BAD LUCK, I GUESS.
IT'S NOT PERFECT, BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE MENTAL COERCION HAS BEEN A BIG SUCCESS.
LET'S NOT PAT OUR OWN BACKS YET. THE PLAN IS TO SUBVERT THE FEDS.
NO MORE BAD BREAKS, DOCTOR. YOUR LUCK DEPENDS ON IT.

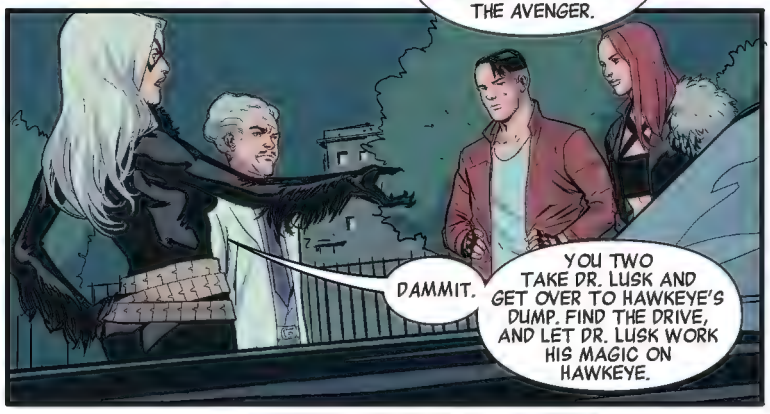
1
HARREN

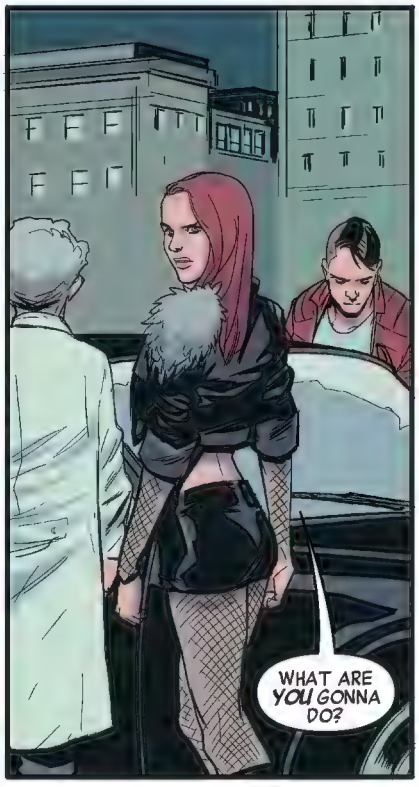
8 HOURS EARLIER IN MANHATTAN FEDERAL COURT...
ALL RISE, THE HONORABLE JUDGE TULIEBITZ IS NOW PRESIDING...IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS MARY WALKER, AKA "TYPHOID MARY".
YOUR HONOR, THE PEOPLE REQUEST MARY BE REMANDED WITHOUT BAIL PENDING TRIAL. HER PREVIOUS HISTORY AND--
HELLO, I'LL BE YOUR JUDGE TODAY...
DEFENDANT IS HEREBY RELEASED ON HER OWN RECOGNIZANCE.
OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR!
YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENSE ALSO OBJECTS.
IT'S BEEN FUN.
I'M A PATRIOT.
YOUR HONOR! SIDEBAR!
SEE YA!
MY EMPLOYER ARRANGED YOUR FREEDOM AND WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.
HMM...YAH, OKAY. SEEMS LIKE THE LEAST I COULD DO.
WE'RE GONNA BABYSIT TWO COSTUMED TYPES.


BROOKLYN PSYCHIATRIC.
WE WERE CRAZY BEFORE IT WAS COOL.
YOUR SUGGESTION TO DRESS THE TEST DRONES AS RANDOM COSTUMED VIGILANTES WAS BRILLIANT, MISS HARDY. WITNESS STATEMENTS WERE USELESS, AND NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO TRACE OUR ACTIVITIES BACK TO THESE PATIENTS.
I'M HAPPY TO SAY OUR TEST-PHASE ON THESE YAHOOS IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. WE HAVE SEVERAL NEW YORK CITY COPS AND JUDGES UNDER OUR THRALL, AND THE BEST PART IS--THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!
IT'S FINE, BUT IT'S NICKEL AND DIME STUFF. I WANT F.B.I., N.S.A. AND S.H.I.E.L.D. DRONES.
YEAH, WELL AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HANDS ON THOSE PERSONNEL FILES FROM THAT HACKER ELLSDEN, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
I JUST CAME FROM HIS APARTMENT. THE FILES WEREN'T THERE.
BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN FIND THEM.
TURNING KEY S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS INTO OUR DRONES WILL GIVE ME UNFETTERED ACCESS TO GOVERNMENT SECRETS. I'LL KNOW WHO IS UNDER INVESTIGATION, AND WHY.
...OR I CAN HAVE MY RIVALS ARRESTED AND THROWN IN JAIL.

MISS HARDY, MEET TYPHOID MARY.
THANKS FOR SPRINGING ME.
I'VE ADMIRED YOUR WORK FOR A WHILE. DON'T LET ME DOWN.
1V4N


MARY AND I WERE OBSERVING THE DRONE DRESSED AS THE PUNISHER TONIGHT AS YOU ASKED, AND THE GOOD NEWS IS: IT AVOIDED CAPTURE AND SELF-DESTRUCTED AS PLANNED.
BUT ONCE THE COPS IDENTIFY THE BODY, THEY'RE SURE TO FIND THIS PLACE THROUGH HIS PAROLE RECORDS.
YOUR HACKER DUDE WAS KILLED IN FRONT OF HAWKEYE'S APARTMENT--IT'S POSSIBLE HE MIGHT HAVE PASSED THE INFORMATION ON TO THE AVENGER.


DAMMIT.
YOU TWO TAKE DR. LUSK AND GET OVER TO HAWKEYE'S DUMP. FIND THE DRIVE, AND LET DR. LUSK WORK HIS MAGIC ON HAWKEYE.


WHAT ARE *YOU* GONNA DO?

I'M GONNA BURN THIS PLACE DOWN.
GET MOVING--THE AVENGER AND THE MERCENARY HAVE A HEAD-START ON US.
WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY MAY HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED?
AW, I WANT *HER* JOB.
"THAT WAS A POINTLESS FIGHT."

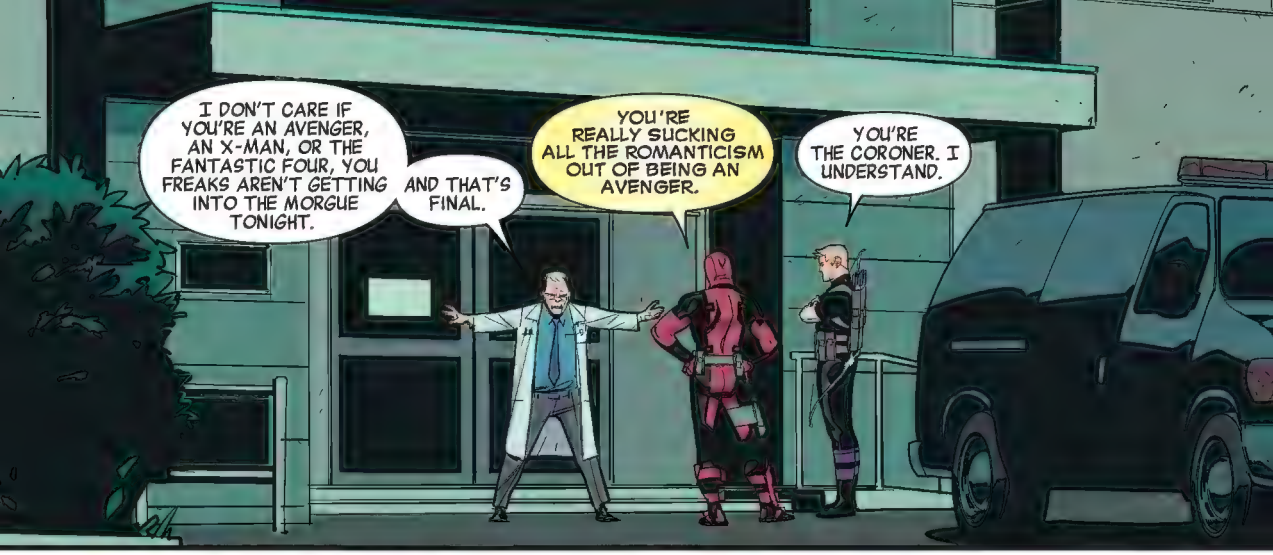
SIGH
THEY'RE ALL POINTLESS FIGHTS.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A LONG WAIT IF YOU THINK I'M ABOUT TO ASK WHY YOU'RE SAD.
CLINT? YOUR DOOR'S OPEN!
AH! CLINT, ARE YOU OKAY?!
HELLOOOOO.
KATE.
ISN'T SHE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR Y--
--OOOOOU?
EXCUSE ME

KATE, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN TROUBLE.
THIS GUY DIDN'T JUST BEAT YOU UP?
NO, HE DID NOT.
YES, I DID!
TONIGHT HAS SUCKED.
WELL, AT LEAST WE AGREE ON THAT.
WORST. HALLOWEEN. EVER.
ISN'T SOMEONE GOING TO HELP ME UP?
WELL, SORRY YOUR HALLOWEEN SUCKED, BUT THAT IS THE BEST FREDDY KRUGER MAKE-UP I'VE EVER SEEN.

THAT'S DEADPOOL.
THAT'S HIS FACE.
OH, COOL!
HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
DAMMIT...
I SHOULD'VE BEEN FREDDY FOR HALLOWEEN.

LISTEN, DEADPOOL! WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
GET OUT.
I'M NOT LEAVING.
'SCUSE ME, BUT IS IT TOO LATE FOR THE BIG SIZE CANDY BARS?
HALLOWEEN IS OVER, DAMMIT!
SLAM
EVEN I THINK IT WAS TOO SOON FOR THAT COSTUME.
I'M OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS MY OOPER CAR ARRIVES. UNTIL THEN, I'M GOING TO BORROW SOME ELECTRICITY.
BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED OUT FRONT? THE STOOP LOOKS LIKE A CRIME SCENE.
IT WAS. SOMEBODY WAS SHOT TO DEATH.
SOMEBODY WE'RE GOING TO AVENGE!
THIS ISN'T A JOKE.
OOF!
A GUY SHOWED UP TONIGHT ASKING FOR HELP. I THOUGHT HE WAS THE USUAL CRANK.
I WAS WRONG.

AHM WEAWY SOWWY, CWINT.
SOWWY, EATING TOFFEE.
WE THINK HE WAS A HACKER THAT STOLE PERSONNEL FILES FROM S.H.I.E.L.D. HE WAS TRYING TO BUY HIS SAFETY WITH THE INFORMATION.
I HAVE A FRIEND AT S.H.I.E.L.D.. I'M ASKING AGENT ADSIT TO LOCATE AN ADDRESS ON ELLSDEN. IN THE MEANTIME, WE SHOULD HEAD TO THE CORONER.
SEE IF THEY HAVE AN ID ON THE FAKE PUNISHER THEY SCOOPED OFF THE STREET.
THAT IS-- IF WE'RE GOING TO WORK THIS TOGETHER?
HE LEFT A THUMB-DRIVE WITH A MESSAGE, WHICH WAS USELESS. WE NEED TO FIND HIS APARTMENT, AND HOPE THE STOLEN FILES ARE THERE.
I CAN'T READ LIPS THROUGH A MASK.
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "YES".
FINE. BUT WHEN WE GET TO THE CORONER, LET ME DO THE TALKING.
YOU GOT IT, YOU'RE THE AVENGER.


I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE AN AVENGER, AN X-MAN, OR THE FANTASTIC FOUR, YOU FREAKS AREN'T GETTING INTO THE MORGUE TONIGHT.
AND THAT'S FINAL.
YOU'RE REALLY SUCKING ALL THE ROMANTICISM OUT OF BEING AN AVENGER.
YOU'RE THE CORONER. I UNDERSTAND.

YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
UNFORTUNATELY, YEAH.
GOOD.

LET'S SEE IF I CAN CALL IN SOME FAVORS TO GET CLEARANCE TO GET INSIDE.
GHUDD
GUH!

WHAT THE HELL?!
WE AGREED ON THIS!!!

YOU'RE REALLY A LUNATIC.
AN EFFECTIVE LUNATIC! WE'RE INSIDE AREN'T WE?
HERE'S OUR GUY! OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS MOMENT.
WHAT?!
VERY RARELY AM I NOT THE UGLIEST GUY IN THE ROOM.
C'MON, WE GOT A NAME AND A LAST KNOWN ADDRESS. A NUTHOUSE HERE IN BROOKLYN.
NNGGH...
C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE CORONER WAKES UP.
GIVE ME A SEC!
UHN...
SLEEPOVER AT THE MORGUE!

C'MON, OOPER!
=SIGH=
OOPER CAR, VAHE
42 MINUTES AWAY
THAT'S THE DEAD GUY?
HUH. HANDSOME DEAD GUY.
I DON'T LOVE THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO DIE, EITHER.
HEEEEY!
I THINK I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!
SNAP
SORRY, OOPER. RIDE CANCELLED.
CHANGE OF PLANS!

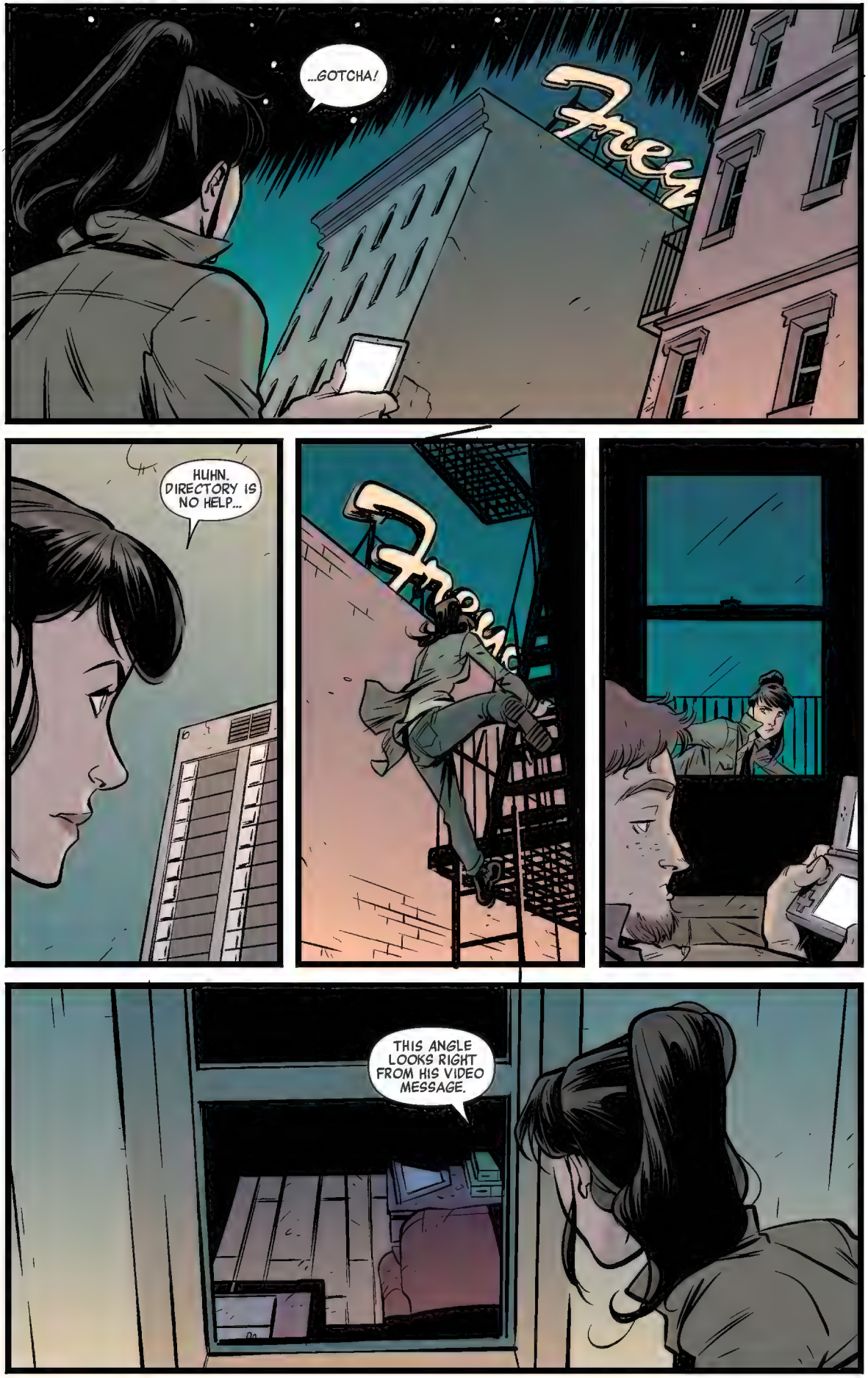
I'M RATING THIS OOPER RIDE ONE STAR!
HEY, BE QUIET!
NOW WHAT?!
DIDN'T THE EAGLES GREATEST HITS GET ON YOUR NERVES?
NO, I'M DEAF. YOU TAKE OOPER EVERYWHERE? DOESN'T THAT GET EXPENSIVE?
YES, BUT MY ACCOUNT IS IN LOGAN'S NAME. HE MAY BE POPULAR, BUT NOT WITH THE CREDIT AGENCIES.
ATTENTION DRONES: ACTIVATE NINER-DELTA.
TARGET HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL.
I LET YOU DO THE TALKING AT THE MORGUE, NOW IT'S MY TURN.
WE'RE NOT TAKING TURNS. WE'LL ASK QUESTIONS, GET ANSWERS AND THERE WON'T BE ANY SENSELESS VIOLENCE.
GRRAARGH!
AW C'MON!!
YOU KNOW "SENSELESS VIOLENCE AT A LOONY BIN" WOULD BE A GOOD BAND NAME.

I AM A PATRIOT!
NO WEAPONS! THEY'RE NOT IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS!
I KNOW!
I AM A PAT--
KLUNK
UUHN.
WHAT IS IT WITH MIND-CONTROLLING GUYS NAMED BUCKY?
WHOA!
I'M A PATR-- UUUGH.
WHERE AM I?
LIE STILL.
LET'S FIND OUT WHO'S IN CHARGE AROUND HERE.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THESE FOOLS.

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE.
WE NEED TO FIND WHOEVER IS... PULLING THEIR...
...STRINGS.
HURACK!
SWAK
HEY! IF ANYBODY IS GOING TO BEAT UP HAWKEYE, IT'S ME!
UHN

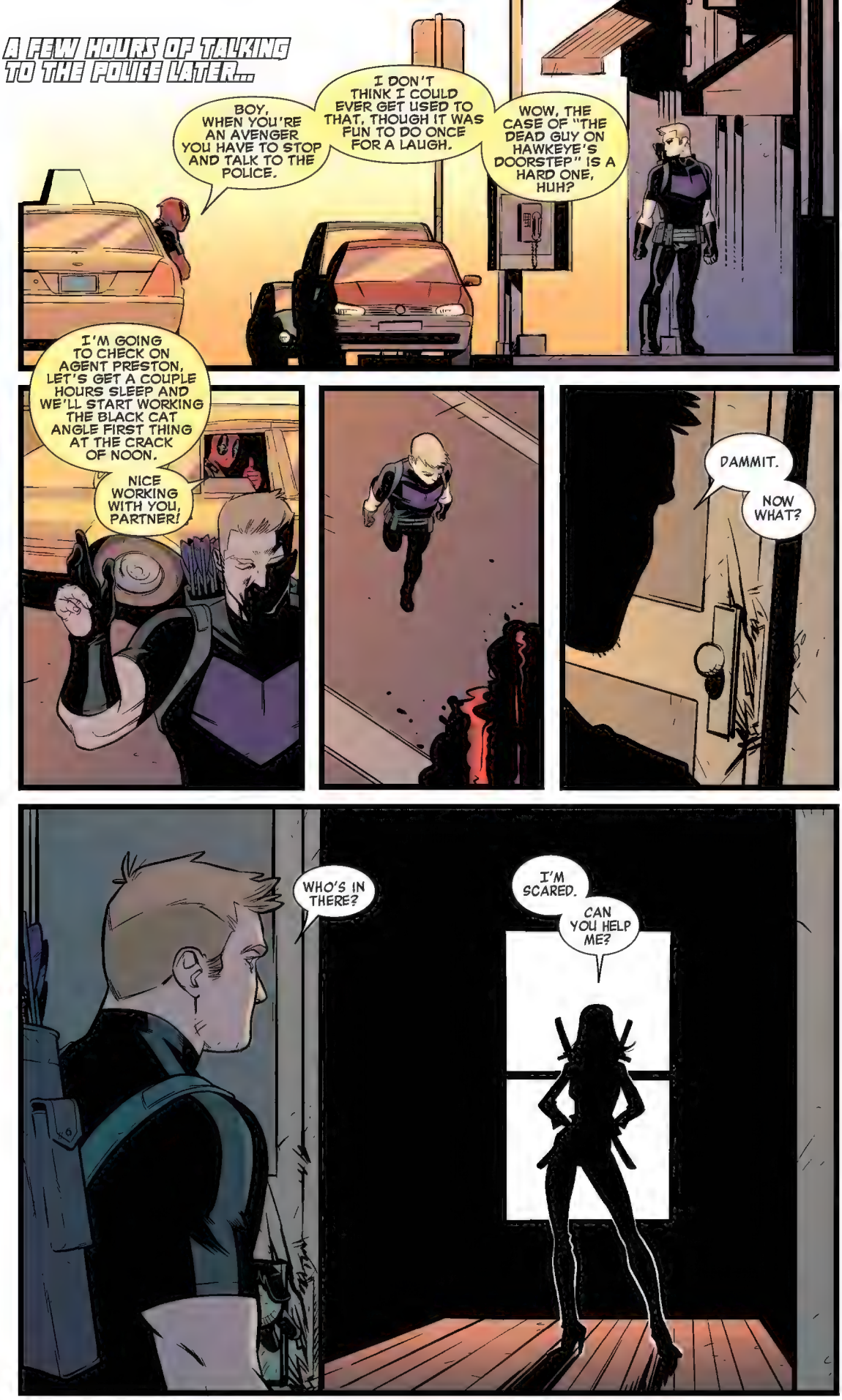
WELL, MAYBE JUST SHOOT THIS GUY JUST A LITTLE?
I KIND OF HAVE MY HANDS FULL.
THWAM
WHUDD
AARRGH!
HA-HA-HA. OH MAN, I GOT THAT ON CAMERA.
IDIOTS.
#$% THIS.
SKRAAACH
HAWKEYE.
GIVE ME ELLSDEN'S LIST.
WHAT? NO! HEY, UH... THERE'S NO NEED FOR TH--
--AAAAAAAAAT!
OW!
BLAM
BLAM
HOW IS HE AN AVENGER?

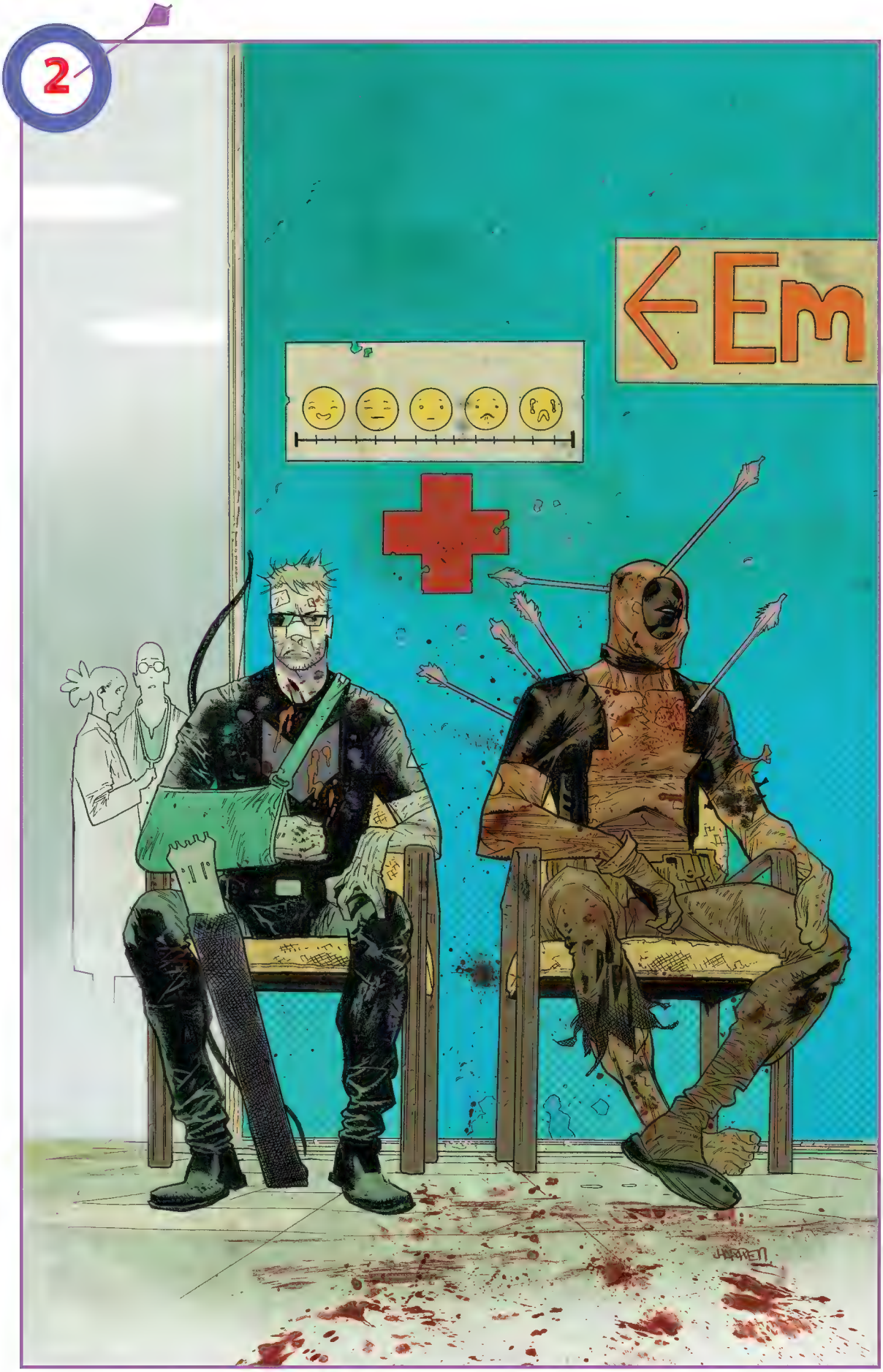
THAT'S IT!
I'M CALLING A TIME-OUT.
FWXSH
GATHER ROUND EVERYBODY AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING IMPORTANT ABOUT WORKING WITH THOR.
YOU DON'T WORK WITH THOR!
ALWAYS WEAR RUBBER SOLES.
HEY, UH--WAIT A SEC.
TIME TO RIDE THE LIGHTNING, BOYS!
RUBBER SOLES FOR THE WIN!
OH, C'MON, BARTON! DRESS FOR THE CRASH, NOT THE RIDE!
EH, WHAT THE HELL--
LAWAAUGHNNG.
"I BET BY NOW CLINT IS PROBABLY ABOUT TO SOLVE HIS CASE, HOPEFULLY HE DOESN'T MIND ME WORKING IT TOO..."

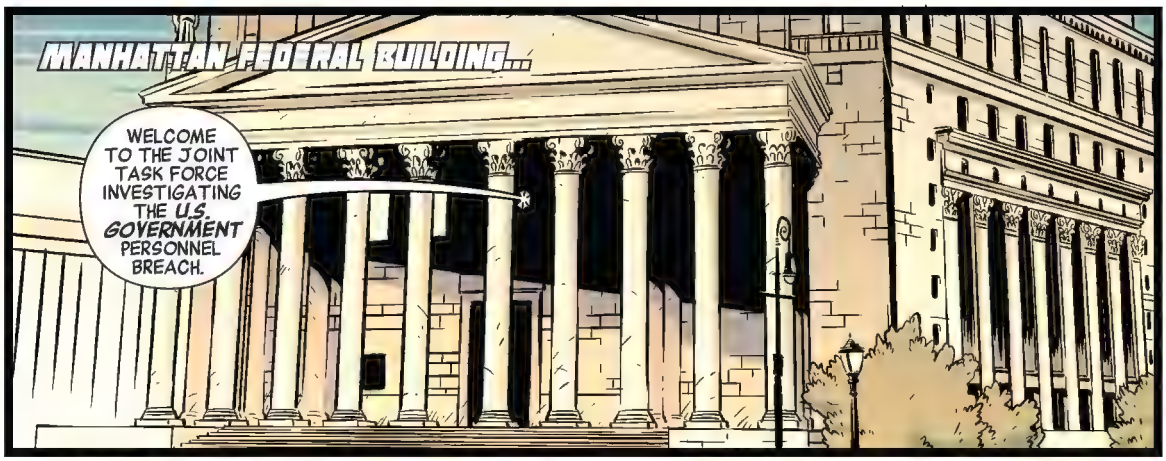

...GOTCHA!
HUHN. DIRECTORY IS NO HELP...
THIS ANGLE LOOKS RIGHT FROM HIS VIDEO MESSAGE.

HELLO?
ANYBODY HOME?
KLIK
GRR
HEY!
YAAAA--
OOF!
NOW-- WHO ARE YOU?
ADSIT. SCOTT, ADSIT.
AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
AND YOU ARE...?
...NOT UNDER ARREST, RIGHT???
AMIRTE?

OW. DAMMIT! MY HEAD IS KILLING ME.
BE MORE CAREFUL, NOT EVERYONE HAS NON-STOP REGENERATION!
DIDN'T YOU GET SUCKED INTO A JET ENGINE ONE TIME?
THAT WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT!
BLACK CAT GOT AWAY BECAUSE OF YOU!
HOW CAN WE BE SURE IT WAS REALLY BLACK CAT? MAYBE YOU SAW "SEXY HALLOWEEN BLACK CAT", OR A GAL THAT WAS BRAINWASHED INTO THINKING SHE WAS BLACK CAT.
HERE'S MORE BAD NEWS.
LOOKS LIKE THE HEAD OF THIS FACILITY HAS BEEN BRAINWASHED TOO. WE JUST FOUGHT THIS GUY IN THE HALLWAY.
DAMMIT.
I WANTED THIS CASE OVER TONIGHT.
HEY, DID BLACK CAT PUT HER BAD-LUCK WHAMMY ON YOU?
I'M STANDING HERE TALKING TO YOU, AREN'T I?
TOUCHÉ.
LET'S FILL THE COPS IN.

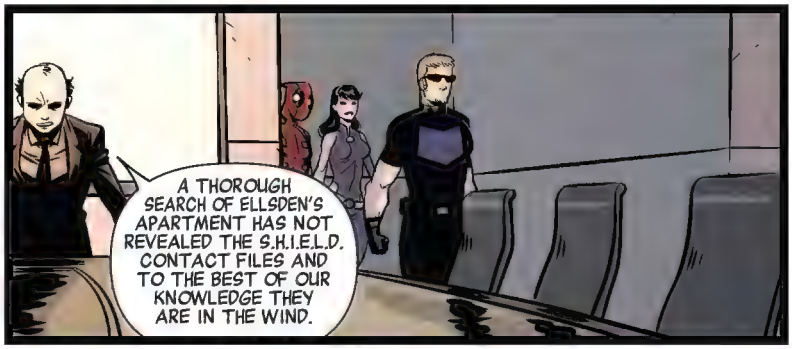

A FEW HOURS OF TALKING TO THE POLICE LATER...
BOY, WHEN YOU'RE AN AVENGER YOU HAVE TO STOP AND TALK TO THE POLICE.
I DON'T THINK I COULD EVER GET USED TO THAT, THOUGH IT WAS FUN TO DO ONCE FOR A LAUGH.
WOW, THE CASE OF "THE DEAD GUY ON HAWKEYE'S DOORSTEP" IS A HARD ONE, HUH?
I'M GOING TO CHECK ON AGENT PRESTON, LET'S GET A COUPLE HOURS SLEEP AND WE'LL START WORKING THE BLACK CAT ANGLE FIRST THING AT THE CRACK OF NOON.
NICE WORKING WITH YOU, PARTNER!
DAMMIT.
NOW WHAT?
WHO'S IN THERE?
I'M SCARED.
CAN YOU HELP ME?

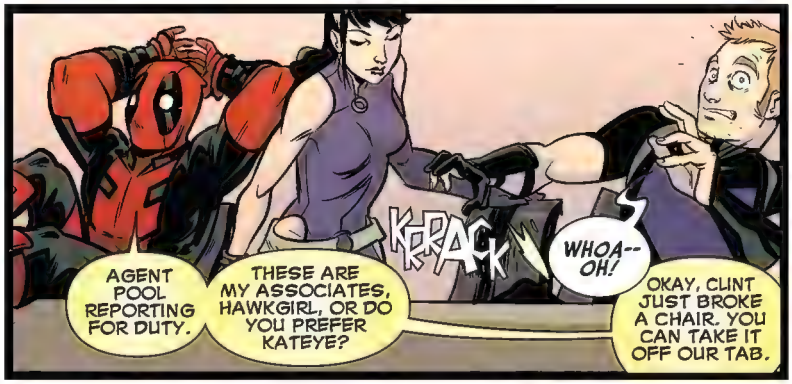

2
←Em


MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING...
WELCOME TO THE JOINT TASK FORCE INVESTIGATING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL BREACH.

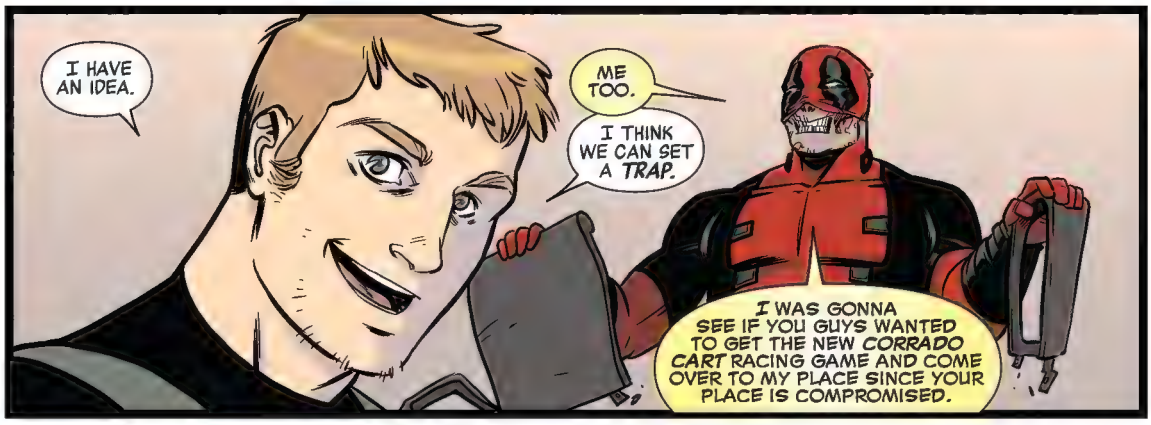
I'M S.H.I.E.L.D. SPECIAL AGENT ADSIT, LET'S GO OVER WHAT WE KNOW:
DIGITAL FORENSICS HAS CONFIRMED THE BREACH OCCURRED.
FBI

THE SUSPECTED HACKER, JEREMY ELLSDEN--HAD A CHANGE OF HEART ABOUT TURNING OVER THIS INFORMATION TO A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION AND WAS KILLED.


A THOROUGH SEARCH OF ELLSDEN'S APARTMENT HAS NOT REVEALED THE S.H.I.E.L.D. CONTACT FILES AND TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE THEY ARE IN THE WIND.


AGENT POOL REPORTING FOR DUTY.
THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES, HAWKGIRL, OR DO YOU PREFER KATEYE?
KRRAK
WHOA-- OH!
OKAY, CLINT JUST BROKE A CHAIR. YOU CAN TAKE IT OFF OUR TAB.

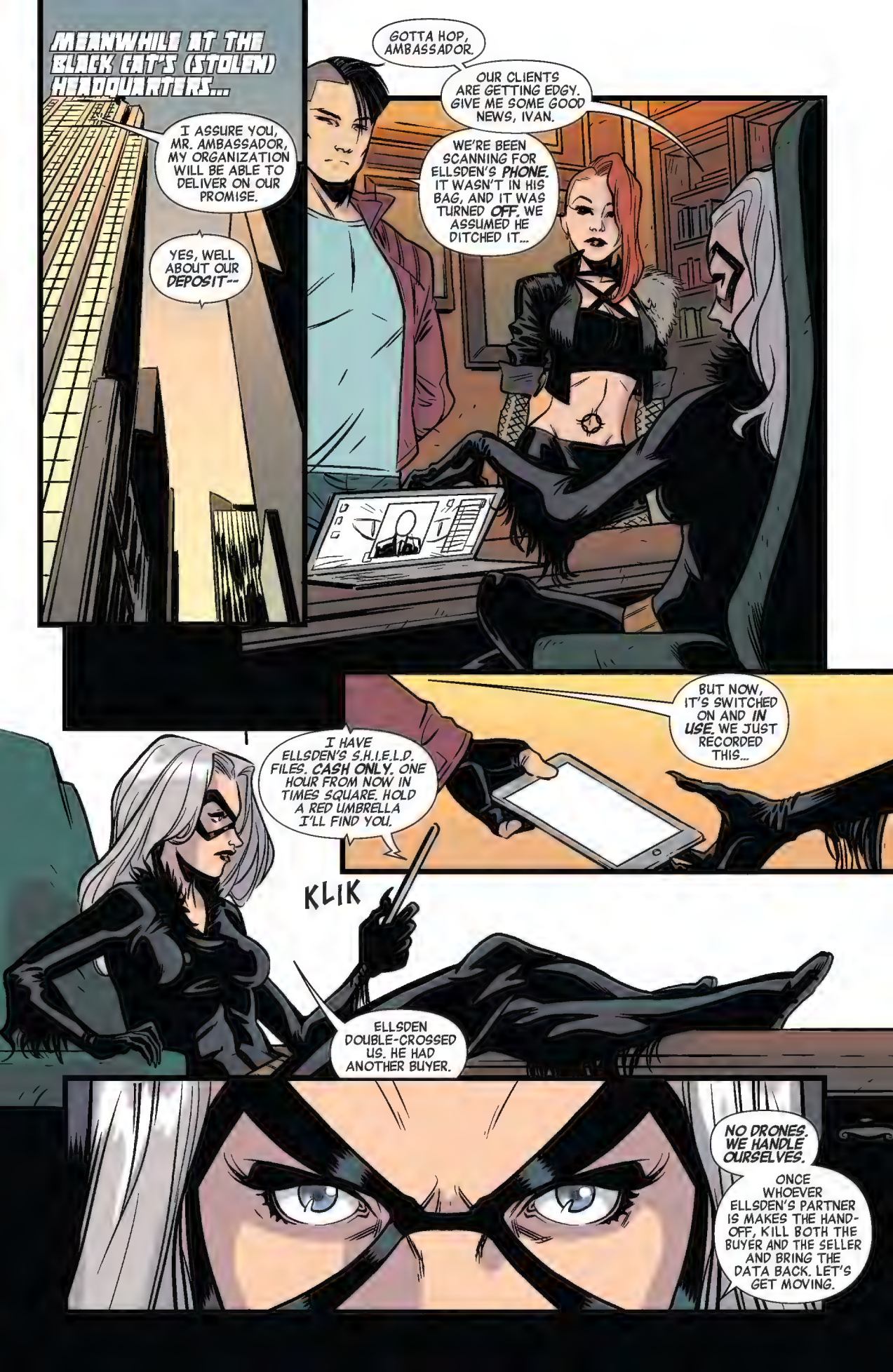
EASY THERE, HULKGUY. MAYBE LAY OFF THE HALLOWEEN CANDY?
DON'T FEEL BAD, I'M SURE DUM DUM "LOOSENED" IT FOR YOU.
JUST--CAN WE GET BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND?
HERE FROM THE AVENGERS-- CLINT BARTON AND KATE BISHOP.
WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT MY APARTMENT HAD BEEN TOSSED. PRESUMABLY BY THE SAME CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION THAT ELLSDEN WAS WORKING FOR.
WITH BARTON'S PLACE COMPROMISED-- HE'LL CRASH WITH ME UNTIL THIS CAPER IS OVER.
S.H.I.E.L.D. WILL BE COORDINATING THE RECOVERY EFFORTS. FBI IS SHAKING THE MOB TREE TO SEE WHAT FALLS OUT, AND HAWKEYE IS WORKING AN ANGLE THAT SOMEHOW FELICIA HARDY, AKA "THE BLACK CAT" IS INVOLVED.
THE THIEF WAS REALLY GOOD. WE NEED THIS ONE. I NEED THIS ONE. MY ADDRESS IS IN THOSE FILES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GIVE UP MY SWEET RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENT.
GET BUSY, EVERYONE.


I HAVE AN IDEA.
ME TOO.
I THINK WE CAN SET A TRAP.
I WAS GONNA SEE IF YOU GUYS WANTED TO GET THE NEW CORRADO CART RACING GAME AND COME OVER TO MY PLACE SINCE YOUR PLACE IS COMPROMISED.

WELL, IF I GET A VOTE, IT WOULD BE TO DO WHATEVER HAWKEYE'S IDEA IS.
THAT'S COOL. TRAPS ARE COOL.

YOU ASKED FOR ELLSDEN'S PHONE. HERE IT IS, BUT GET THIS BACK TO ME, IT'S EVIDENCE.
WILL DO. BUT, IF I'M LUCKY, YOU WON'T NEED IT--

OOPS.
KLAK


MEANWHILE AT THE BLACK CAT'S (STOLEN) HEADQUARTERS...
I ASSURE YOU, MR. AMBASSADOR, MY ORGANIZATION WILL BE ABLE TO DELIVER ON OUR PROMISE.
YES, WELL ABOUT OUR DEPOSIT--
GOTTA HOP, AMBASSADOR.
OUR CLIENTS ARE GETTING EDGY. GIVE ME SOME GOOD NEWS, IVAN.
WE'RE BEEN SCANNING FOR ELLSDEN'S PHONE. IT WASN'T IN HIS BAG, AND IT WAS TURNED OFF. WE ASSUMED HE DITCHED IT...
BUT NOW, IT'S SWITCHED ON AND IN USE. WE JUST RECORDED THIS...
I HAVE ELLSDEN'S S.H.I.E.L.D. FILES. CASH ONLY. ONE HOUR FROM NOW IN TIMES SQUARE. HOLD A RED UMBRELLA I'LL FIND YOU.
KLIK
ELLSDEN DOUBLE-CROSSED US. HE HAD ANOTHER BUYER.
NO DRONES. WE HANDLE OURSELVES.
ONCE WHOEVER ELLSDEN'S PARTNER IS MAKES THE HAND-OFF, KILL BOTH THE BUYER AND THE SELLER AND BRING THE DATA BACK. LET'S GET MOVING.

YOU HAD A SKY-CYCLE!
YOU USED TO FLY AROUND NEW YORK CITY SHOOTING ARROWS AT EVERYBODY.
YEAH, I DID.
IF I HAD A GLORIOUS MOPED THAT COULD CARRY ME ABOVE MANHATTAN'S TRAFFIC AND INTO THE SKY, YOU WOULD HAVE TO PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD HANDS.
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THIS AMAZING GIFT?
IT'S IN STORAGE AT THE AVENGERS MANSION. BUT CAN WE GET BACK TO--
BARTON, THIS IS THE MOST DISAPPOINTED I'VE EVER BEEN WITH YOU. YOU PUT MANKIND'S GREATEST CREATION, THE SKY-CYCLE, INTO STORAGE TO END UP ON THAT TV SHOW WHERE %#@$&%$# PAW THROUGH DEAD GUYS' STUFF.
IT'S TIME. LET'S HOPE BLACK CAT AND HER CREW WERE LISTENING FOR ELLSDEN'S PHONE.
GET DOWN THERE.
STUPID BARTON. HE DOESN'T DESERVE THE SKY-CYCLE.
HEY THERE, LADY! I HAVE SOME GOVERNMENT SECRETS FOR SALE. GET YOUR SECRETS, HERE!
OH, MY GOD, DEADPOOL, SHUT UP.
THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK--

IT ALREADY WORKED! THEY'RE HERE!
GIVE US THE DATA!
IT'S A TRAP! DEADPOOL, I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!
TYPHOID MARY! I'M JUST GONNA SWIPE-LEFT ON THIS WHOLE FIGHT IF THAT'S COOL.
BURN THEM, MARY!
YEAAAOWW!
I'LL TAKE THAT ARROW.
YAOOOW!
GROOT BEER
YOU'RE TELEKINETIC, TOO?
THAT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY COOL.

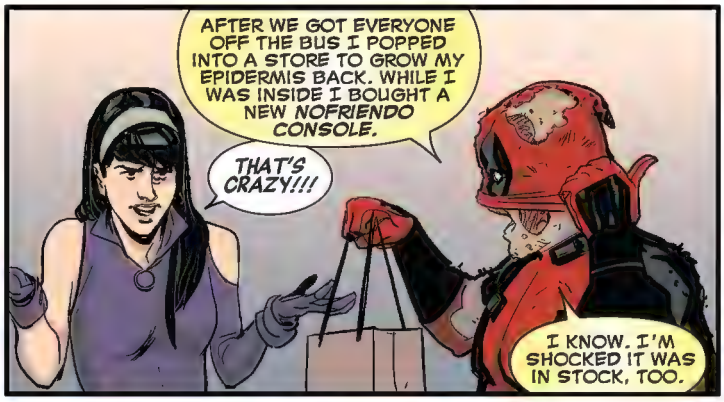
LISTEN, MARY. IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE ALL THE FUN, BUT BEFORE THIS GOES ANY FURTHER, YOU SHOULD KNOW I GOT MARRIED.
WHAT?!
MARY-- ARE YOU FIGHTING HIM OR-- OOF!
DEADPOOL! GET YOUR #%^ TOGETHER!
YOU'RE BEYOND USELESS, BARTON.
WE SHOULD HAVE JUST KILLED YOU!
UGHN!
BLACK CAT! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE WRAPPED UP IN ALL THIS, BUT SPIDEY'S BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU. I'M GONNA KICK YOUR A--
KRIK
UH-OH.

WHAOOAAWAWA!
STAY UP THERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
NNNGHAH!

THIS IS A BUST. WE WANTED THESE MORONS TO FIND THE MISSING DRIVE, NOT US.
MARY, LIGHT US UP A DISTRACTION. WE'RE LEAVING.
MARY, I MEAN IT. THIS DATE HAS TO END RIGHT NOW.
THIS ISN'T A DATE, YOU IDIOT!
ONE DISTRACTION COMING UP!
THE WHEELS ON THE BUS BURN DOWN AND DOWN...
OW.
WHUDD
HELP!
C'MON, DEADPOOL!
CALL ME!
I HATE WADE, BUT HE IS FUN ON A DATE.
YOU TWO ARE #$%&#$ BANANAS.

A THREE ALARM FIRE LATER...
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, BARTON?
IT WAS A LITTLE DIFFERENT IN MY HEAD.
OKAY, ENOUGH "HELP". JUST--GO SIT TIGHT UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME. AND KEEP DEADPOOL ON A SHORT LEASH.

WE DIDN'T CATCH BLACK CAT, WE DON'T HAVE THE DRIVE...IT'S A MIRACLE NOBODY WAS KILLED!
AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO SNARL TRAFFIC FOR 10 BLOCKS IN EVERY DIRECTION...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?


AFTER WE GOT EVERYONE OFF THE BUS I POPPED INTO A STORE TO GROW MY EPIDERMIS BACK. WHILE I WAS INSIDE I BOUGHT A NEW NOFRIENDO CONSOLE.
THAT'S CRAZY!!!
I KNOW. I'M SHOCKED IT WAS IN STOCK, TOO.

OH COOL, THE OOPER CAR I ORDERED IS HERE.
C'MON, WE'LL CHILL AND REGROUP AT MY PLACE.

"HERE IS YOUR RECEIPT. YOU'RE PAYING 1.75 TIMES THE NORMAL RATE FOR RUSH HOUR SERVICE, AND CAUSING EXTRAORDINARY MID-TOWN TRAFFIC."
WHO HAS TIME FOR VIDEO GAMES?

A LITTLE WHILE LATER AT ONE OF DEADPOOL'S SAFE-HOUSES...
I'M GONNA WIN AGAIN!
I THINK I WOULD BUY THIS, IF I COULD HOOK IT UP TO MY DAMN TV.

OUTSTANDING! YOU'RE A CORRADO-KART CHAMPION!

HOW DO YOU TWO MAKE THAT JUMP EVERY LAP?
WE HAVE PRETTY, PRETTY, PRETTY GOOD--
--HAND-EYE COORDINATION.

HANG ON! LEMME TAKE THIS, IT'S AGENT ADSIT.
MAYBE HE HAS A LEAD.

HIS LIFE SEEMS SO... NORMAL. WHO KNEW HE HAD A KID? I HEARD SUCH WEIRD STUFF--THAT HE HANGS OUT WITH CRAZY PEOPLE AND GHOSTS.
THE KEY TO FIGURING OUT DEADPOOL IS ALWAYS REMEMBER: YOU CAN NEVER FIGURE OUT DEADPOOL.

=YAWN=

UH...

WHAT THE--

WELL, HELLO, MISS.

JOKES THAT HIDE THE SAD
GUNS
FIRE
ELLIE
SEX
VIOLENCE
MANLY REGENERATION
FEAR
MORE FOOD

WINK

EW, GROSS.

YEOOOWW

WWHOOOAA

YEAAH!!!

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!

DID YOU SEE THAT!? DID I SEE THAT?!

WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT NOW.

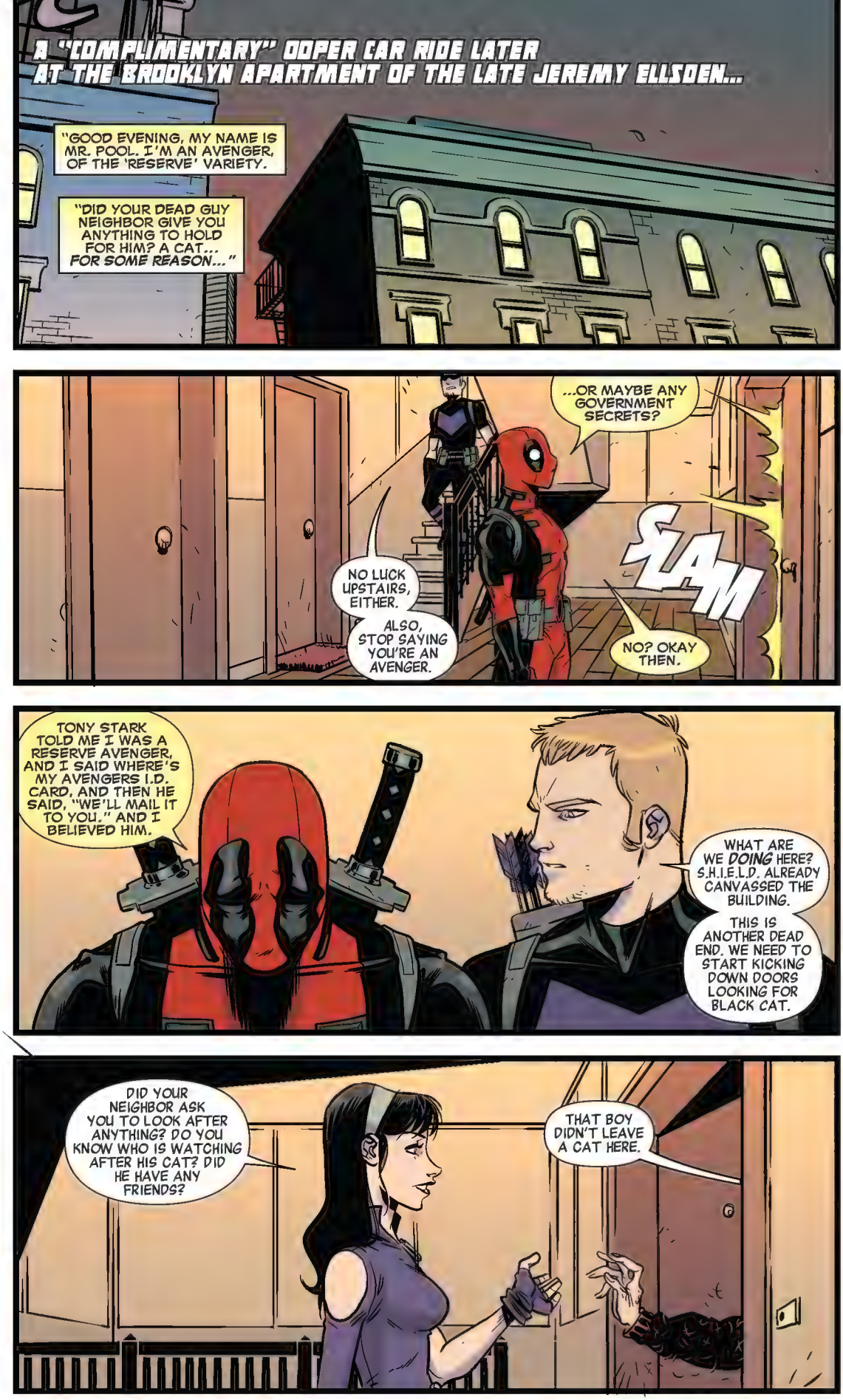
YOU SAW THE NAKED WIZARD, TOO?

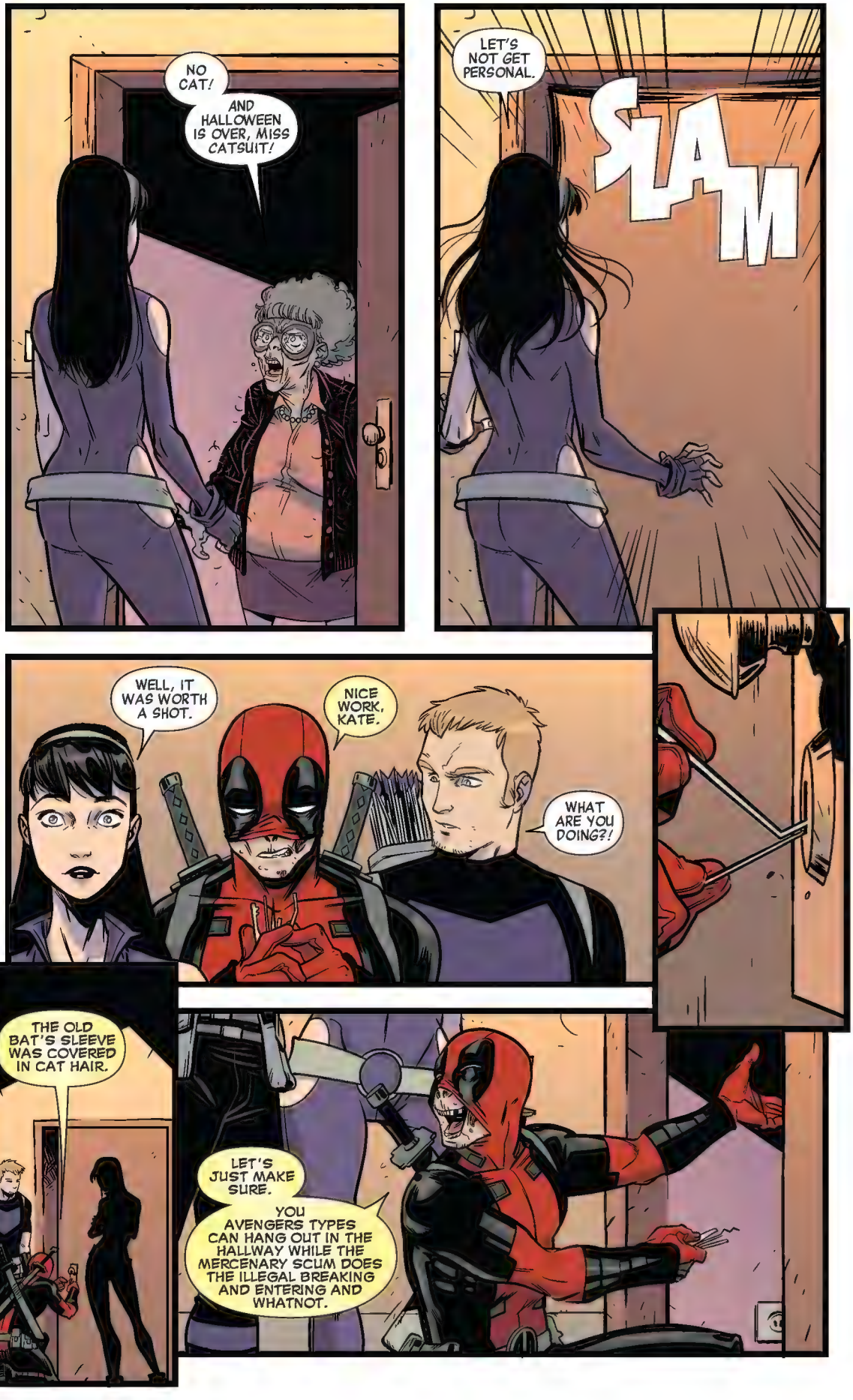
WHAT NAKED WIZARD?!

THANK GOD--OUR OOPER CAR IS AROUND THE CORNER.
YEAH, I THINK SO.
IS ELLSDEN SPELLED 'E-L-L'?
ADSIT STRUCK OUT. I SAY WE GO BUST HEADS LOOKING FOR BLACK CAT'S CRIB.
WE'RE GOING.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE ARE GOING. NOT YOU. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.
GO PLAY YOUR VIDEO GAME IN YOUR WEIRD FLOPHOUSE.
WHY IS THIS EVEN IMPORTANT TO YOU ANYWAY?
I GOT A KID STASHED WITH A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.
I'M NOT TRUSTING ANYBODY BUT ME TO KEEP THEM SAFE.

THAT POOR GIRL DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN INTO MY CIRCUS. I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP HER SAFE.
I REALLY NEED TO SEE THIS THROUGH. FOR HER.
C'MON. THERE'S AN OOPER CAR RIGHT OVER THERE.
I CAN NEVER TELL WITH HIM--IS HE LYING?
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID? YOU CAN NEVER NAIL HIM DOWN.
OKAY, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE WITH US TO THE END.
COOL. NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SWITCH INTO MY SPIDEY OUTFIT AND TAIL YOU. I APPRECIATE IT.
I THINK I MAY HAVE A LEAD.
I GOOGLED ELLSDEN AND ONE OF THE ONLY HITS IS THIS ANONYMOUS MEMORIAL PIC POSTED ONLINE.
LOOKS LIKE HE LOVED HIS CAT-- AND IT WASN'T AT HIS APARTMENT. WE'RE MISSING SOMETHING.
R.I.P.
IF HE TRUSTED SOMEONE WITH HIS CAT, MAYBE THEY ARE ALSO HOLDING THE FILES?
WORTH A SHOT.
WAIT, ARE WE STEALING THIS CAR?
SORRY, MY MASK IS DOWN AND I CAN'T HEAR YOU.


A "COMPLIMENTARY" UBER CAR RIDE LATER
AT THE BROOKLYN APARTMENT OF THE LATE JEREMY ELLSOEN...
"GOOD EVENING, MY NAME IS MR. POOL. I'M AN AVENGER, OF THE 'RESERVE' VARIETY.
"DID YOUR DEAD GUY NEIGHBOR GIVE YOU ANYTHING TO HOLD FOR HIM? A CAT... FOR SOME REASON..."
...OR MAYBE ANY GOVERNMENT SECRETS?
SLAM
NO? OKAY THEN.
NO LUCK UPSTAIRS, EITHER.
ALSO, STOP SAYING YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
TONY STARK TOLD ME I WAS A RESERVE AVENGER, AND I SAID WHERE'S MY AVENGERS I.D. CARD, AND THEN HE SAID, "WE'LL MAIL IT TO YOU." AND I BELIEVED HIM.
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? S.H.I.E.L.D. ALREADY CANVASSED THE BUILDING.
THIS IS ANOTHER DEAD END. WE NEED TO START KICKING DOWN DOORS LOOKING FOR BLACK CAT.
DID YOUR NEIGHBOR ASK YOU TO LOOK AFTER ANYTHING? DO YOU KNOW WHO IS WATCHING AFTER HIS CAT? DID HE HAVE ANY FRIENDS?
THAT BOY DIDN'T LEAVE A CAT HERE.


NO CAT!
AND HALLOWEEN IS OVER, MISS CATSUIT!
LET'S NOT GET PERSONAL.
SLAM
WELL, IT WAS WORTH A SHOT.
NICE WORK, KATE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
THE OLD BAT'S SLEEVE WAS COVERED IN CAT HAIR.
LET'S JUST MAKE SURE.
YOU AVENGERS TYPES CAN HANG OUT IN THE HALLWAY WHILE THE MERCENARY SCUM DOES THE ILLEGAL BREAKING AND ENTERING AND WHATNOT.

KNOCK! KNOCK!
WE'RE NOT HERE FOR THE CAT. WE JUST NEED TO SEE THAT HE'S OKAY.
I PROMISE.
NEITHER OF US HAS ANYBODY ANYMORE.
WELL, NOW YOU HAVE EACH OTHER...AND YOUR COOL, OLD... WEIRD SMELLS.
AH!
THIS IS ALL WE NEED. TAKE GOOD CARE OF EACH OTHER!
HEY CLINT, WE BOTH OWE KATE AN APOLOGY.
SHE'S A WAY BETTER HAWKEYE THAN YOU.

CHECK OUT THE COLLAR.
IS THAT--
A THUMB DRIVE!
HEY, DID YOU NOTICE ANY CAT FOOD IN THERE?
DOES SHE KNOW SHE HAS TO FEED IT AND WALK IT OR WHATEVER?
IT'S A 160 GIG DRIVE. THIS MUST BE IT.
CASE CLOSED!
I'M A PATRIOT.
IT'S ANOTHER WIN FOR "BISHOP INVESTIGATIONS".
URK.

GAK!
WHUDD
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
OF THE COMING OF THE LORD...
UUUUHGN.
NO... NO...CAN'T GET BEAT...BY DUDE WITH... ARROWS...

HAWKEYE V.S. DEADPOOL #0 VARIANT
BY CARLO BARBERI & ISRAEL SILVA

HAWKEYE V.S. DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT
BY JASON PEARSON

HAWKEYE V.S. DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT
BY MIKE MAYHEW

3
PUTTY
ARROW

A FEW ISSUES AGO, MIDNIGHT ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT...
SORRY THE NUTHOUSE WAS A CATASTROPHE! HEY, THAT'S NOT A BAD BAND NAME, "CATASTROPHE AT THE NUTHOUSE," WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU'RE TIRED, NO SWEAT, WE'LL GET AN EARLY START TOMORROW AND CHECK IN WITH AGENT ADSIT! WE'LL CRACK THIS CASE YET!
PLEASE STAY OUT OF IT.
NICE WORKING WITH YOU, PARTNER!
WE'RE NOT PARTNERS.
WHOEVER JUST BROKE INTO MY PLACE: I'M TIRED, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
I'M SCARED.
CAN YOU HELP ME?
WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHO ELSE IS WITH YOU?
GRRRAANNGH!

FOLLOW ORDERS.

OBEY.

DO NOT QUESTION AUTHORITY.

SUBSERVIENCE IS FREEDOM.

FOLLOW THE PROGRAM.

I WISH WE COULD HAVE A FEW MORE HOURS WITH HIM. THE MORE SESSIONS, THE BETTER THE DRONE.

NNG.

I...

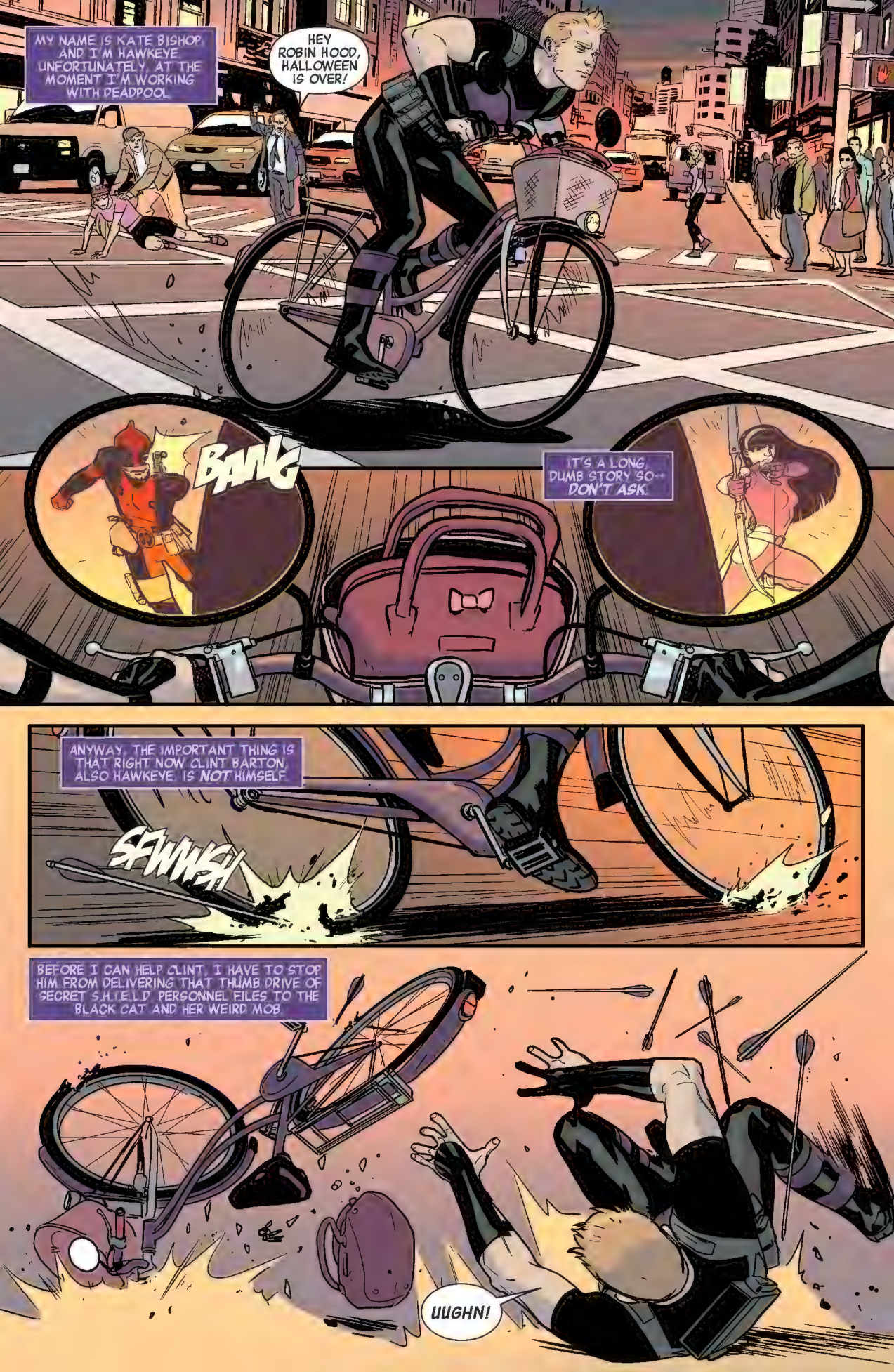
I AM A PATRIOT.

ARE YOU READY TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE?

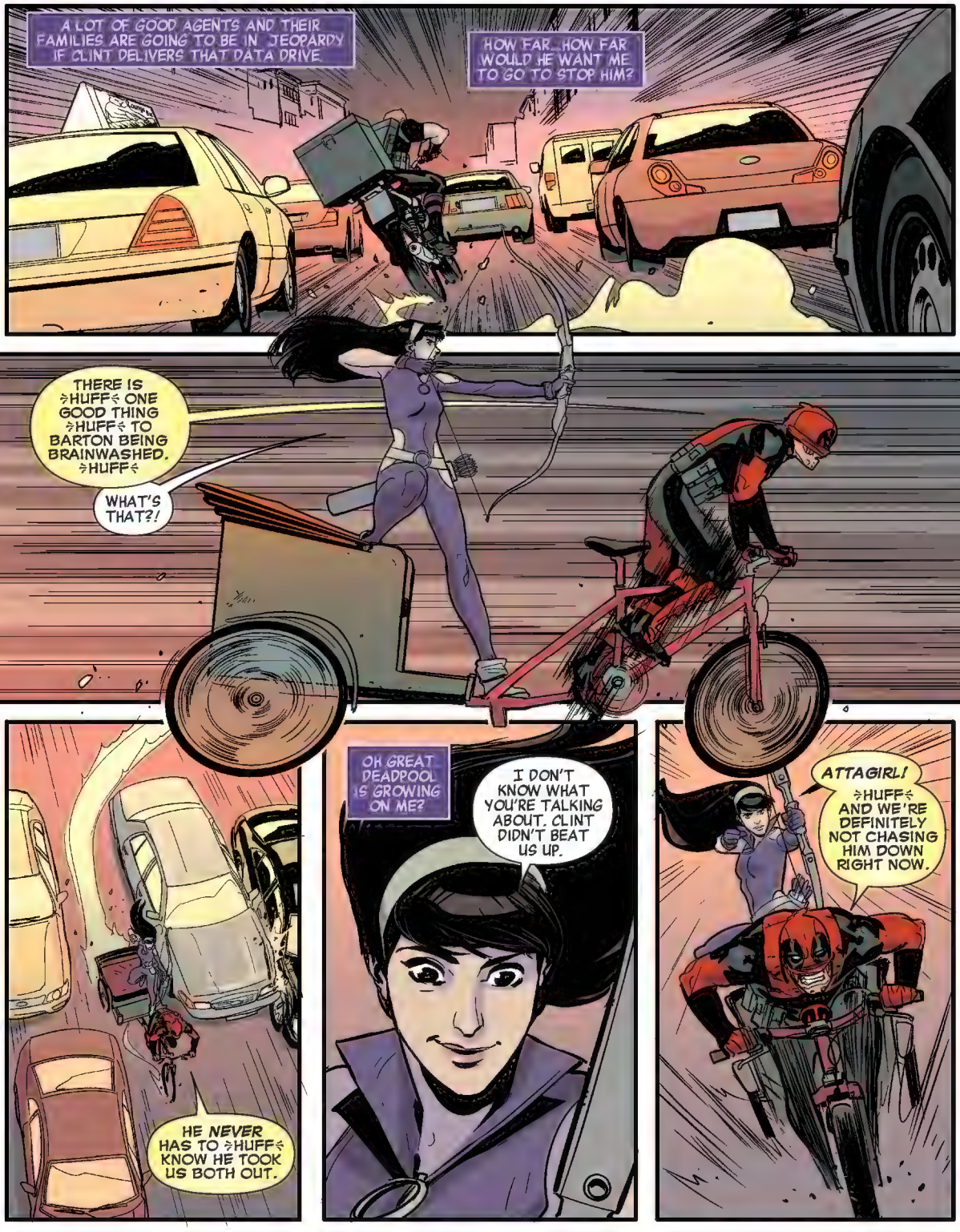
I'M A PATRIOT.

NOW.
UHN. WHAT HAPPENED?
LADY HAWKEYE... HELP ME!
OH MY GAWD!
AND, I'M HAWKEYE. NOT LADY HAWKEYE, OR SHE-HAWKEYE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?!
PULL IT OUT!
NO WAY!
TAKE IT OUT. DO IT SLOW...
EW, NO!
PLEASE!
THE BLADE IS...NEAR MY HEART!
KATIE...
EWWWW.
AND DON'T CALL ME KATIE.

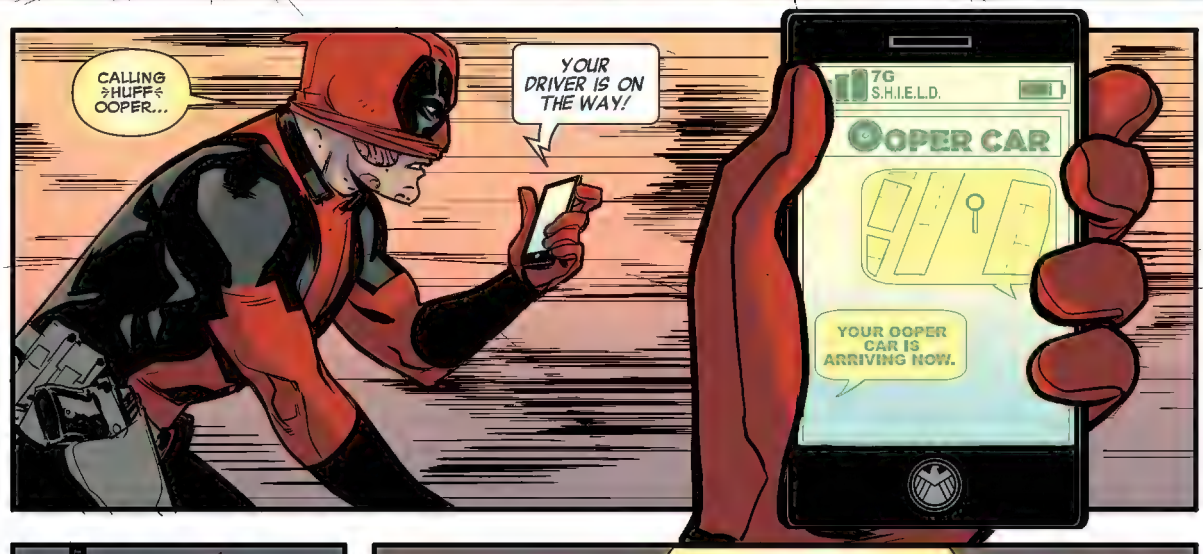
AWUGHOH-NO-NO-NO!
UHG. SO GROSS.
OKAY-OKAY.
ONE...TWO..THREE!!!
YEAAAAHHH
YYYEEE


MY NAME IS KATE BISHOP, AND I'M HAWKEYE. UNFORTUNATELY, AT THE MOMENT I'M WORKING WITH DEADPOOL.
HEY ROBIN HOOD, HALLOWEEN IS OVER!
BANG
IT'S A LONG, DUMB STORY SO-- DON'T ASK.
ANYWAY, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT RIGHT NOW CLINT BARTON, ALSO HAWKEYE, IS NOT HIMSELF.
SFWWSH
BEFORE I CAN HELP CLINT, I HAVE TO STOP HIM FROM DELIVERING THAT THUMB DRIVE OF SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL FILES TO THE BLACK CAT AND HER WEIRD MOB.
UUGHN!

CLINT'S ALWAYS IN A JAM...
...BUT NOT THIS MUCH TROUBLE.
PUT THAT GUN AWAY!
I CAN'T! IT ACTUALLY STICKS OUT OF MY HAND LIKE THIS.
DON'T YOU JUST HATE CHASES WHERE YOU CAN'T JUST SHOOT THE PEOPLE YOU'RE CHASING!?
NO!!! I'VE NEVER SHOT ANYONE!
PFFFT. C'MON! YOU CAN TELL ME. I WON'T TELL ANYBODY. THIS IS YOUR UNCLE DEADPOOL YOU'RE TALKING TO.
MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
OOF! HEY, MAN!
DING DING
YOU TWO LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A LIFT.
YEAAOW!
GO! GO! GO!!!
WE DO. NOW GET OUT OF YOUR DRUNK CART.
OFFICIAL AVENGERS BUSINESS.


A LOT OF GOOD AGENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES ARE GOING TO BE IN JEOPARDY IF CLINT DELIVERS THAT DATA DRIVE.
HOW FAR...HOW FAR WOULD HE WANT ME TO GO TO STOP HIM?
THERE IS ⸗HUFF⸗ ONE GOOD THING ⸗HUFF⸗ TO BARTON BEING BRAINWASHED. ⸗HUFF⸗
WHAT'S THAT?!
HE NEVER HAS TO ⸗HUFF⸗ KNOW HE TOOK US BOTH OUT.
OH GREAT DEADPOOL IS GROWING ON ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. CLINT DIDN'T BEAT US UP.
ATTAGIRL! ⸗HUFF⸗ AND WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT CHASING HIM DOWN RIGHT NOW.
THUNK
DELIVERY
I AM A PATRIOT.

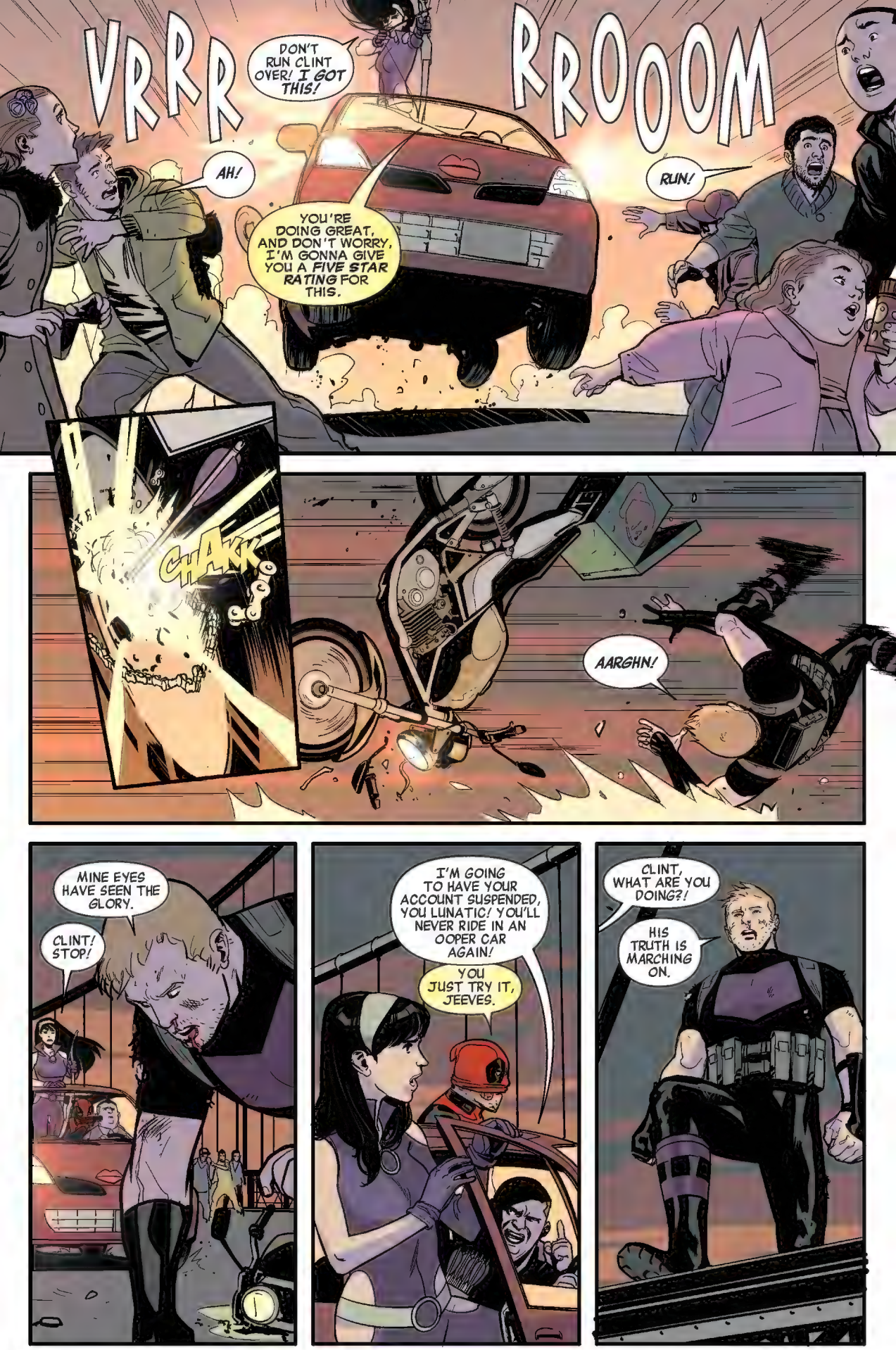
WE'RE LOSING HIM!
SORRY, PRINCESS. ≠HUFF≠ WANT TO SWITCH JOBS?

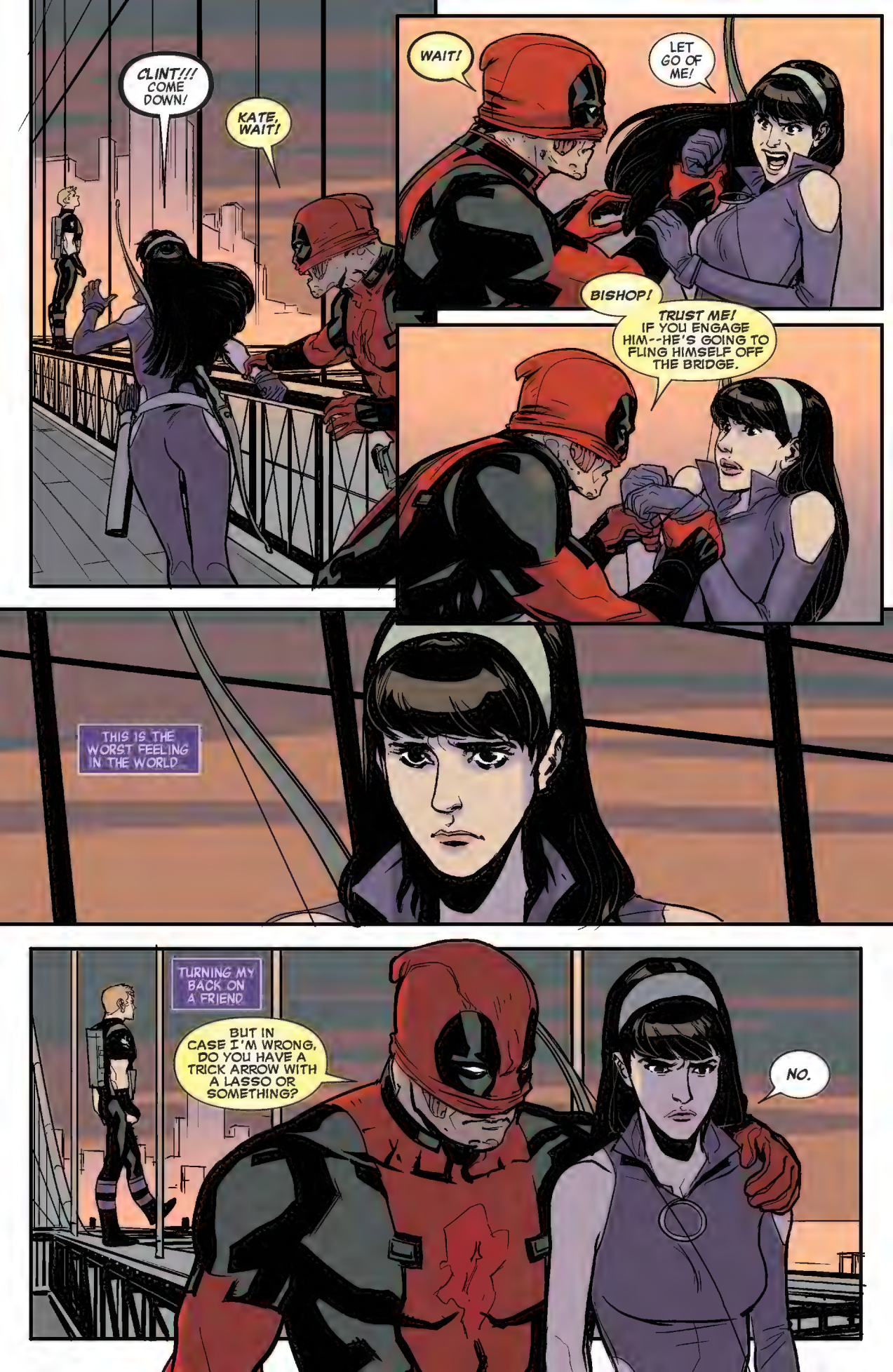

CALLING ≠HUFF≠ OOPER...
YOUR DRIVER IS ON THE WAY!
7G
S.H.I.E.L.D.
OOPER CAR
YOUR OOPER CAR IS ARRIVING NOW.

BRIDGE WALK
PEDESTRIAN ONLY
KEEP RIGHT

IF YOU COULD STEP ON IT AND TAKE THE SIDEWALKS, THAT WOULD BE GREAT. WE'RE KIND OF IN A CAR CHASE.
NO WAY IN HELL I'M DOING THAT.

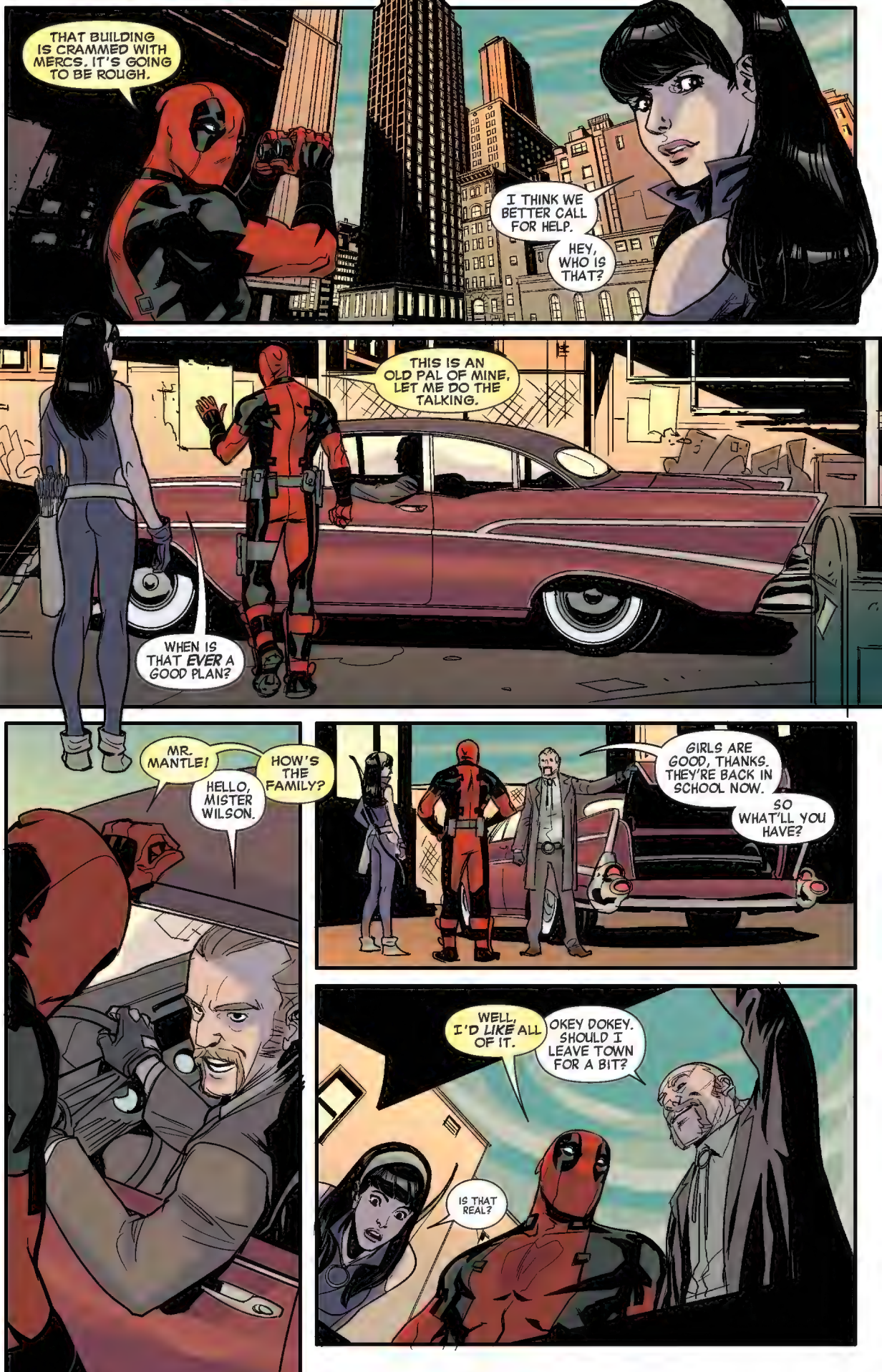
KLIK
I SAID: TAKE. THE. SIDEWALKS.
SIDEWALKS, HERE WE COME.
OH, AND CAN YOU OPEN THE SUNROOF?


VRRR
DON'T RUN CLINT OVER! I GOT THIS!
RROOOM
AH!
YOU'RE DOING GREAT, AND DON'T WORRY, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A FIVE STAR RATING FOR THIS.
RUN!
CHAKK
AARGHN!
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY.
CLINT! STOP!
I'M GOING TO HAVE YOUR ACCOUNT SUSPENDED, YOU LUNATIC! YOU'LL NEVER RIDE IN AN OOPER CAR AGAIN!
YOU JUST TRY IT, JEEVES.
CLINT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.


CLINT!!! COME DOWN!
KATE, WAIT!
WAIT!
LET GO OF ME!
BISHOP!
TRUST ME! IF YOU ENGAGE HIM--HE'S GOING TO FLING HIMSELF OFF THE BRIDGE.
THIS IS THE WORST FEELING IN THE WORLD
TURNING MY BACK ON A FRIEND
BUT IN CASE I'M WRONG, DO YOU HAVE A TRICK ARROW WITH A LASSO OR SOMETHING?
NO.

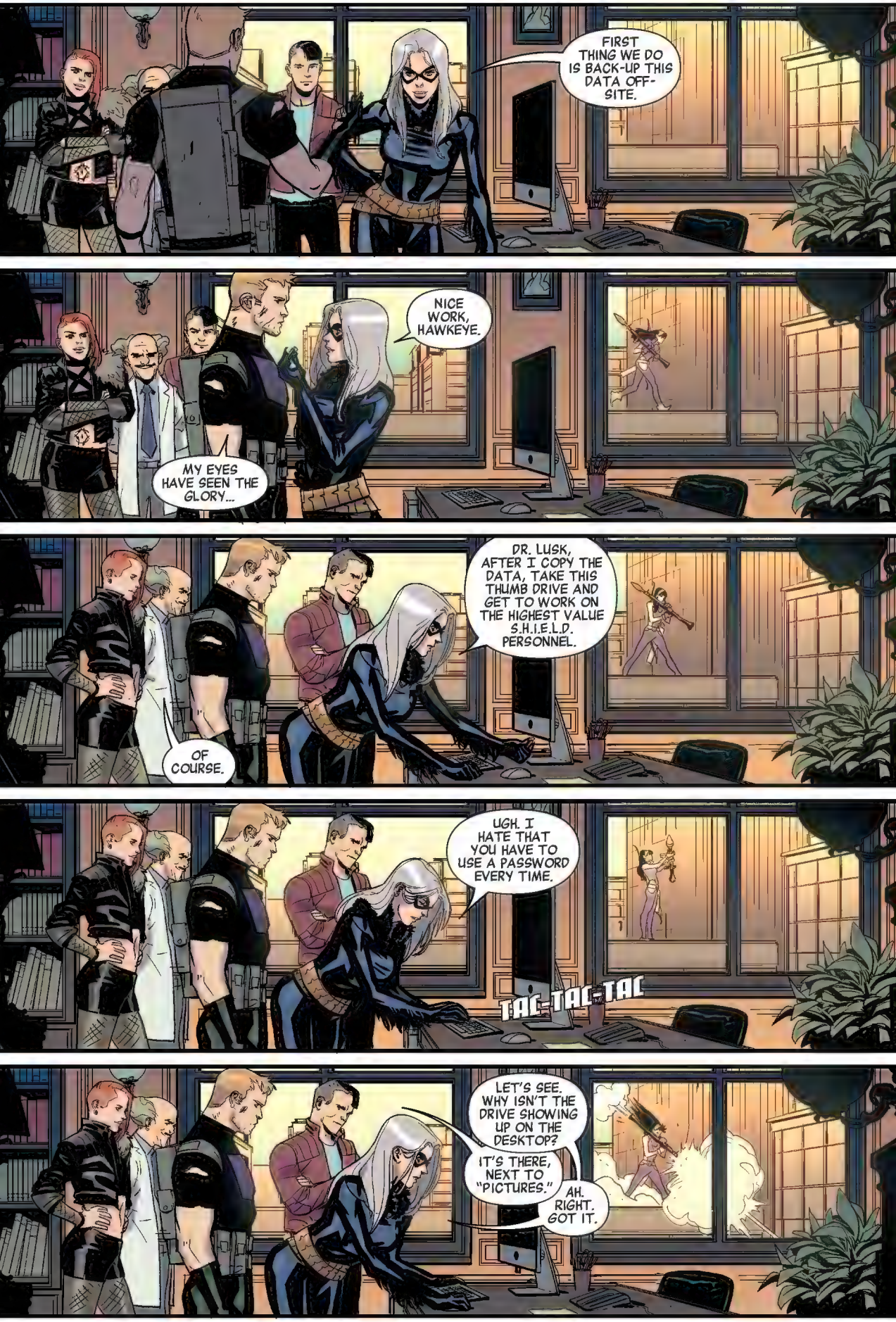
I HATE THIS CASE
SO, WHAT? WE LET HIM GET AWAY?
NO. ABSOLUTELY NOT.
HE'S GONE TO BE A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD...
THE OTHER NIGHT BARTON AND I CHASED A GUY THAT WAS PROGRAMMED TO COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN HE WAS CORNERED.
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SAVE HIM?
THE HARD WAY... WHEN HE HANDS THE INFO OVER.
WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE HIM.
AND I HAVE TO MAKE A CALL ON THE WAY.
PLEASE DON'T CALL ANOTHER OOPER CAR.
OH, NOT THIS TIME. I'M ESCALATING THE SITUATION.

YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF IDIOTS!
HOW HARD IS IT TO FIND A MISSING HARD DRIVE?
BUT, THE AVENGERS, THEY--
THOSE ARE TWO JUNIOR VARSITY AVENGERS, AND A MENTALLY DEFICIENT CLOWN.
KRAK
I'M ON THE HOOK. I HAVE INVESTORS IN THIS PROGRAM.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK TO JUST CLIMBING IN WINDOWS AND STEALING EARRINGS AND PRESCRIPTION DRUGS.
I CAN VOUCH FOR DEADPOOL BEING "MENTALLY DEFICIENT."
I'M A PATRIOT.
AND I'M A GENIUS!


THAT BUILDING IS CRAMMED WITH MERCS. IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH.
I THINK WE BETTER CALL FOR HELP.
HEY, WHO IS THAT?
THIS IS AN OLD PAL OF MINE. LET ME DO THE TALKING.
WHEN IS THAT EVER A GOOD PLAN?
MR. MANTLE!
HOW'S THE FAMILY?
HELLO, MISTER WILSON.
GIRLS ARE GOOD, THANKS. THEY'RE BACK IN SCHOOL NOW.
SO WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
WELL, I'D LIKE ALL OF IT.
OKEY DOKEY. SHOULD I LEAVE TOWN FOR A BIT?
IS THAT REAL?

I CAN ONLY TAKE WHAT WE CAN CARRY.
I THINK I'LL CALL HER "MARCIA."
HERE YOU GO.
I'M NOT CARRYING YOUR MISSILES AROUND FOR YOU.
IT'S NOT A MISSILE, IT'S A ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER.
AND MARCIA ISN'T FOR ME-- SHE'S YOURS.
NNNNNNO.
NO, NO.

I'LL TAKE THE SAW AND RELOADS FOR MY KIT.
YOU BET. YOU WANT I SHOULD JUST PUT IT ON YOUR ACCOUNT?
PLEASE. ALSO, I ALSO NEED A FAVOR. I NEED A *RIDE*.
WADE, I'M NOT SOME OOPER DRIVER OR WHATNOT.
OH MY GOD, THIS COSTS THE SAME AS A HOUSE.
SORRY, MISTER MANTLE. IT'S LIFE AND DEATH.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
890 FIFTH AVENUE. HANG ON A SEC.
I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT THIS.
YES, YOU ARE. I'LL BE INBOUND IN MINUTES.
YOU NEED TO MAKE SURE THAT BLACK CAT CAN'T PUT THE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL FILES UP INTO A CLOUD.
HOW AM SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?!
THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION NEXT TO BLACK CAT'S BUILDING.
DROP MARCIA ON IT, AND THEN BREACH LOW. I'M GOING IN HIGH.
FROM *ABOVE*, I MEAN.


FIRST THING WE DO IS BACK-UP THIS DATA OFF-SITE.
NICE WORK, HAWKEYE.
MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
DR. LUSK, AFTER I COPY THE DATA, TAKE THIS THUMB DRIVE AND GET TO WORK ON THE HIGHEST VALUE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL.
OF COURSE.
UGH. I HATE THAT YOU HAVE TO USE A PASSWORD EVERY TIME.
TAC-TAC-TAC
LET'S SEE. WHY ISN'T THE DRIVE SHOWING UP ON THE DESKTOP?
IT'S THERE, NEXT TO "PICTURES."
AH. RIGHT. GOT IT.

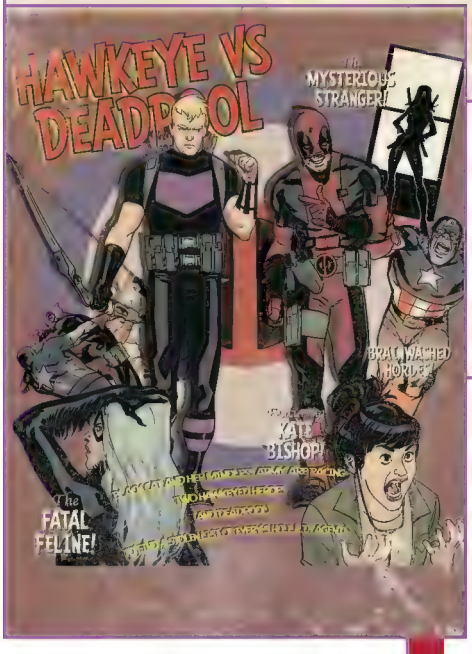
WHOA WOW OH WOW!!
DAMMIT!!!
NNG.
WHERE... AM I?

THAT. WAS. AWESOME!!!
OH GOD, I BLEW UP NEW YORK.
MEANWHILE AT THE OLD AVENGERS MANSION...
COS ALL I WANT TO DO

DEADPOOL SAID HE ONLY NEEDED A FEW MINUTES
I WANT TO RIDE MY SKY-CYCLE, SKY-CYCLE, SKY-CYCLE!
ANYTIME NOW, DEADPOOL.
YEAAAOW!
BUT WE DON'T HAVE THEM TO SPARE. EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW.
BLACK CAT HAS THE DATA. THAT MEANS SHE DOESN'T NEED CLINT ANYMORE
HAWKEYE HAS ONLY HAD ONE INDOCTRINATION SESSION. WE NEED TO REINFORCE IT.
THERE'S NO TIME. IF YOU DON'T THINK HE'LL BE COMPLIANT THEN PUSH HIM OUT A WINDOW.
NO, NO. UH, I'M A PATRIOT.

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS
TROUBLE'S COOKIN' DOWN IN BROOKLYN
A Titanic Bout Between a Former X-Man and an Avenger!
THE AVENGING ARCHER HAWKEYE
VS
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH DEADPOOL
Part 1

HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL
LIVE AND IN PRINT
HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL
WHO: AN AVENGER AND A (SOMETIMES) X-MAN
WHERE: BED-STUY, BROOKLYN
WHEN: HALLOWEEN
WHAT: HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL HAVE NEVER BEEN ALLIES. BUT WHEN A HACKER WITH A LIST OF EVERY S.H.I.E.L.D. OPERATIVE IS FOUND DEAD IN HAWKEYE'S NEIGHBORHOOD, IT'S UP TO THEM TO BRING THE NOISE (AND PREVENT THE LIST FROM FALLING INTO VILLAINOUS HANDS).

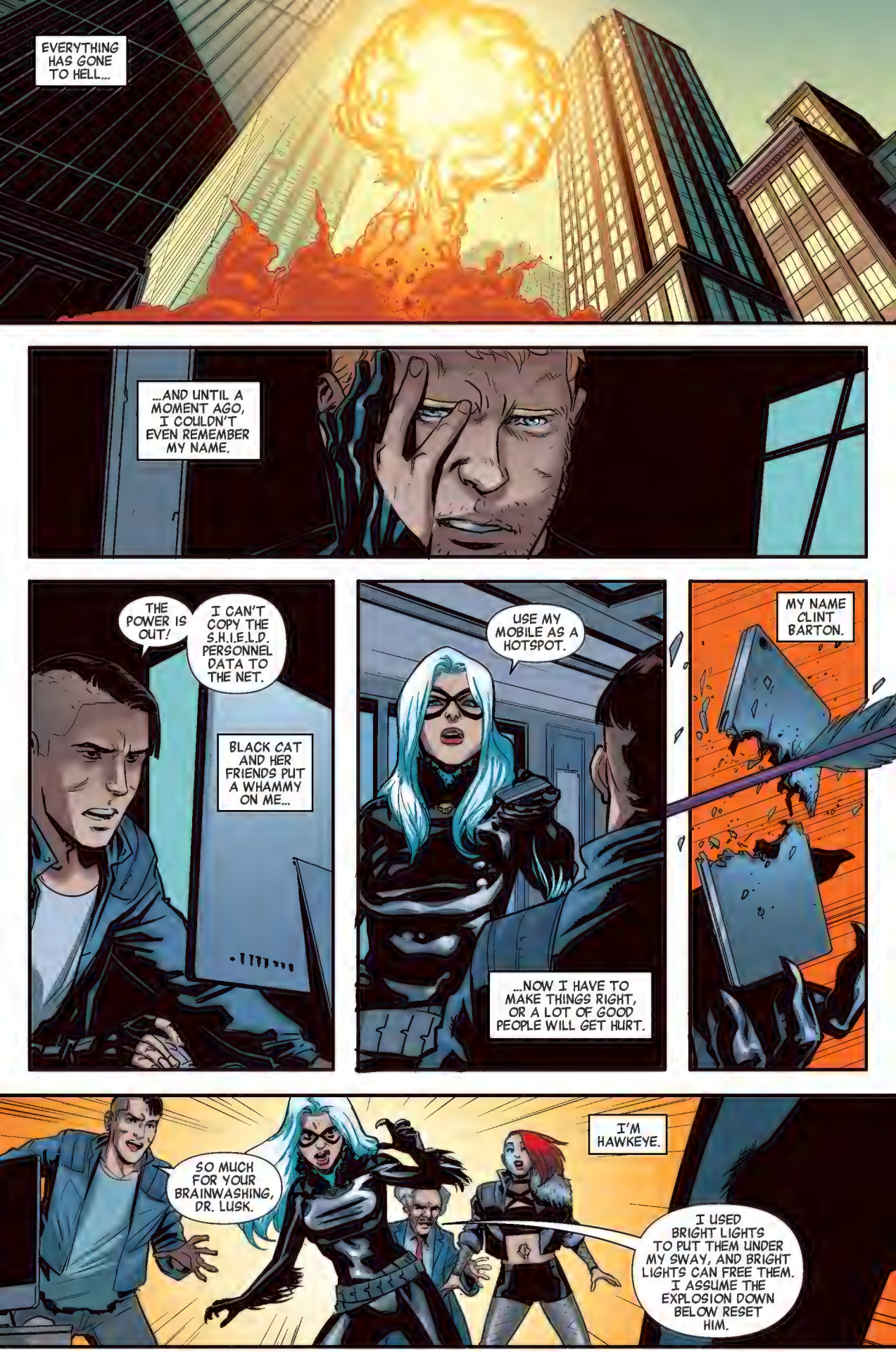


Clint Barton A.K.A.
HAWKEYE
Okay.
This looks bad.
Black Cat has been brainwashing people so she can get her hands on a list of every active S.H.I.E.L.D. agent.
She even brainwashed me
Managed to get me to turn on Kate Bishop (also a Hawkeye) and Deadpool (don't ask) and deliver the drive right to her.
Kate and Deadpool caught up to me and caused an explosion at Cat's facility.
The drones under her control have been released.
Including me.
KEYE VS DEADPOOL
VS CRIME
FINALE

hawkeye and deadpool
have found themselves in the middle of a murder mystery
turns out the black cat has gotten into some bad juju.
not only has she been trying to steal a list containing the identity of every undercover shield agent, she's also brainwashing people to kill anybody who gets in her way, including our hero, hawkeye.
(he's brainwashed not dead)
bad kitty
clint barton (hawkeye)
deadpool (not hawkeye)
kate bishop (hawkeye)
ellsden (the victim)
black cat (the villain)

ORIGINAL SERIES RECAP PAGES
BY JESSICA PIZARRO

4
HARREN 24


EVERYTHING HAS GONE TO HELL...
...AND UNTIL A MOMENT AGO, I COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY NAME.
THE POWER IS OUT!
I CAN'T COPY THE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL DATA TO THE NET.
BLACK CAT AND HER FRIENDS PUT A WHAMMY ON ME...
USE MY MOBILE AS A HOTSPOT.
...NOW I HAVE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT, OR A LOT OF GOOD PEOPLE WILL GET HURT.
MY NAME CLINT BARTON.
SO MUCH FOR YOUR BRAINWASHING, DR. LUSK.
I'M HAWKEYE.
I USED BRIGHT LIGHTS TO PUT THEM UNDER MY SWAY, AND BRIGHT LIGHTS CAN FREE THEM. I ASSUME THE EXPLOSION DOWN BELOW RESET HIM.

GIVE ME THAT THUMB DRIVE, AND NOBODY GETS SHOT.
GET IN HERE, EVERYBODY.
YOU'RE NOT DEADPOOL. YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUST START SHOOTING US FULL OF ARROWS.
UH-HUH.
YEAAH!
OWIE-OW OH!
WELL, THAT SHUT HER UP.
I'VE BEEN IN WORSE JAMS.
BRRRP
BRRRP
BRRRP
BRRRP
STILL...I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE.

CLINT!
WHAK
SNAP OUT OF IT, CLINT!
WHUDD
I DON'T NEED SAVING, KATE!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA
YOU'RE NOT STILL BRAINWASHED?
BEFORE WE KILL YOU-- ARE THERE ANY OTHER HAWKEYES DROPPING IN?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...
OH MY GOD.
OY!

YEAH! GET SOME!

HEY, BARTON! THIS IS HOW YOU USE A SKY-CYCLE!

FOR DRIVE-BYS ON PENTHOUSES!

FOR SOARING MAJESTICALLY OVER THIS BEAUTIFUL, FILTHY CITY!

AND FOR SAVING YOUR FRIENDS!

BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

WE DON'T NEED SAVING!

AMAZING! THE SKY-CYCLE!

HOW DID DEADPOOL MANAGE TO FIX THE BUSTED STABILIZER?

WHAT?

HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A *BROKEN WHATEVER.*

PWAM

UH-OH.

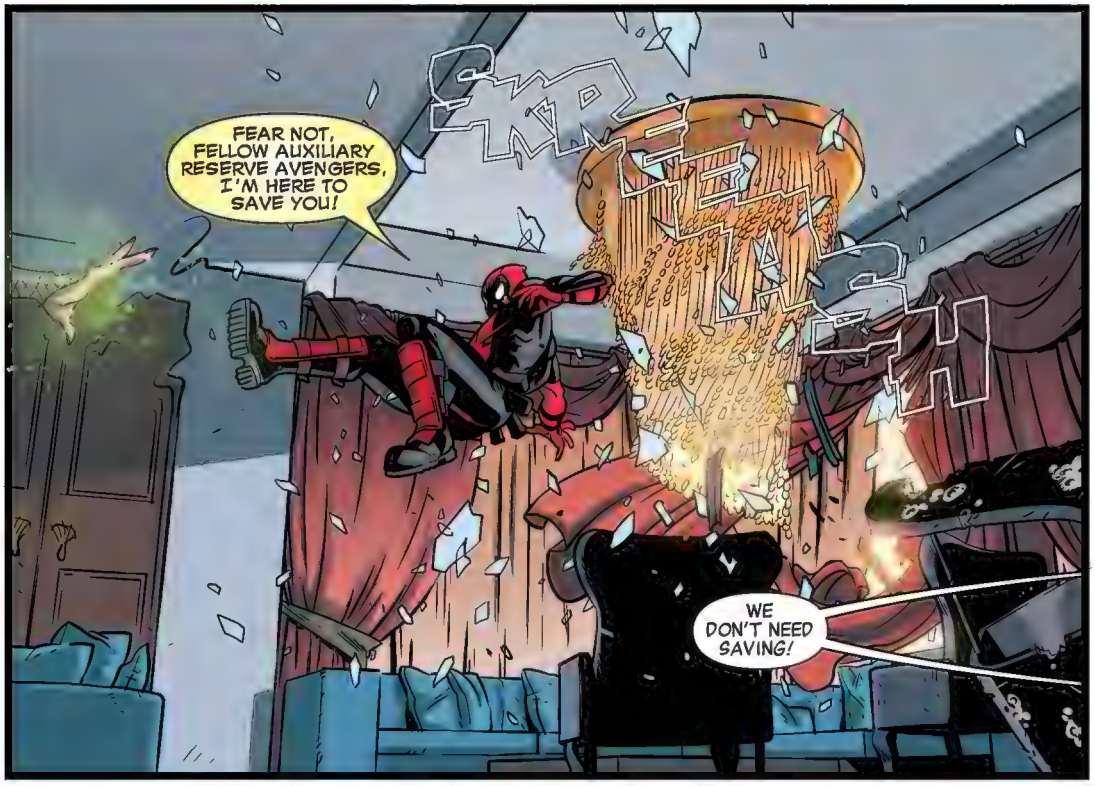
KA-BOOM

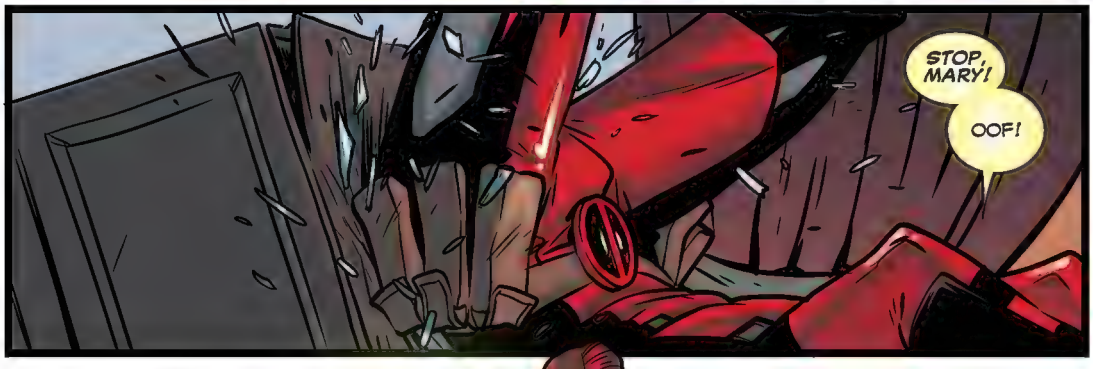
WHOOAOOOHWAAHOOOH WHEEEE!

SKRABOOM
OKAY. LET'S EVERYBODY TAKE A BREATH.
LOOK, THERE'S NO GETTING OUT OF THIS NOW. DEADPOOL JUST BLEW UP YOUR NEIGHBORS. EVERY COP IN NEW YORK IS ON HIS WAY HERE THINKING THERE IS A TERROR ATTACK UNFOLDING.
PLUS, IMAGINE WHAT DEADPOOL WILL DO TO YOU ALL IF HE ARRIVES BEFORE THE COPS.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I REALIZE THAT NOW. MY CONSCIENCE IS GUILTY. BUT I HATE TO LOSE, AND I *REALLY* HATE...
...WITNESSES.

ON THREE.
OKAY. WAIT--GO ON THREE? OR THREE, THEN GO?
NEVER MIND. JUST SHOOT-- NOW!
--NOW!
YEAAANG!
PIN THEM DOWN!
I'VE GOT THE DRIVE!
LET'S GO, DOCTOR.
CAN YOU COOK ME UP AN EXIT, MARY?
YOU BET.
YOU'LL COME BACK FOR ME, RIGHT?
UH, YEEEAH.

THE AIR BURNS!
THIS IS ALL IN OUR MIND, RIGHT?
NO, SHE'S A PSIONICIST, SHE'S REALLY BURNING US!
DAMMIT!


FEAR NOT, FELLOW AUXILIARY RESERVE AVENGERS, I'M HERE TO SAVE YOU!
WE DON'T NEED SAVING!


STOP, MARY!
OOF!

ALL OF YOU CAN BURN IN MY FIRE.
YOU THINK I'M STUPID? I KNOW BLACK CAT'S NOT COMING BACK FOR ME.
LAUGH THROUGH THIS!
MARY, STOP!

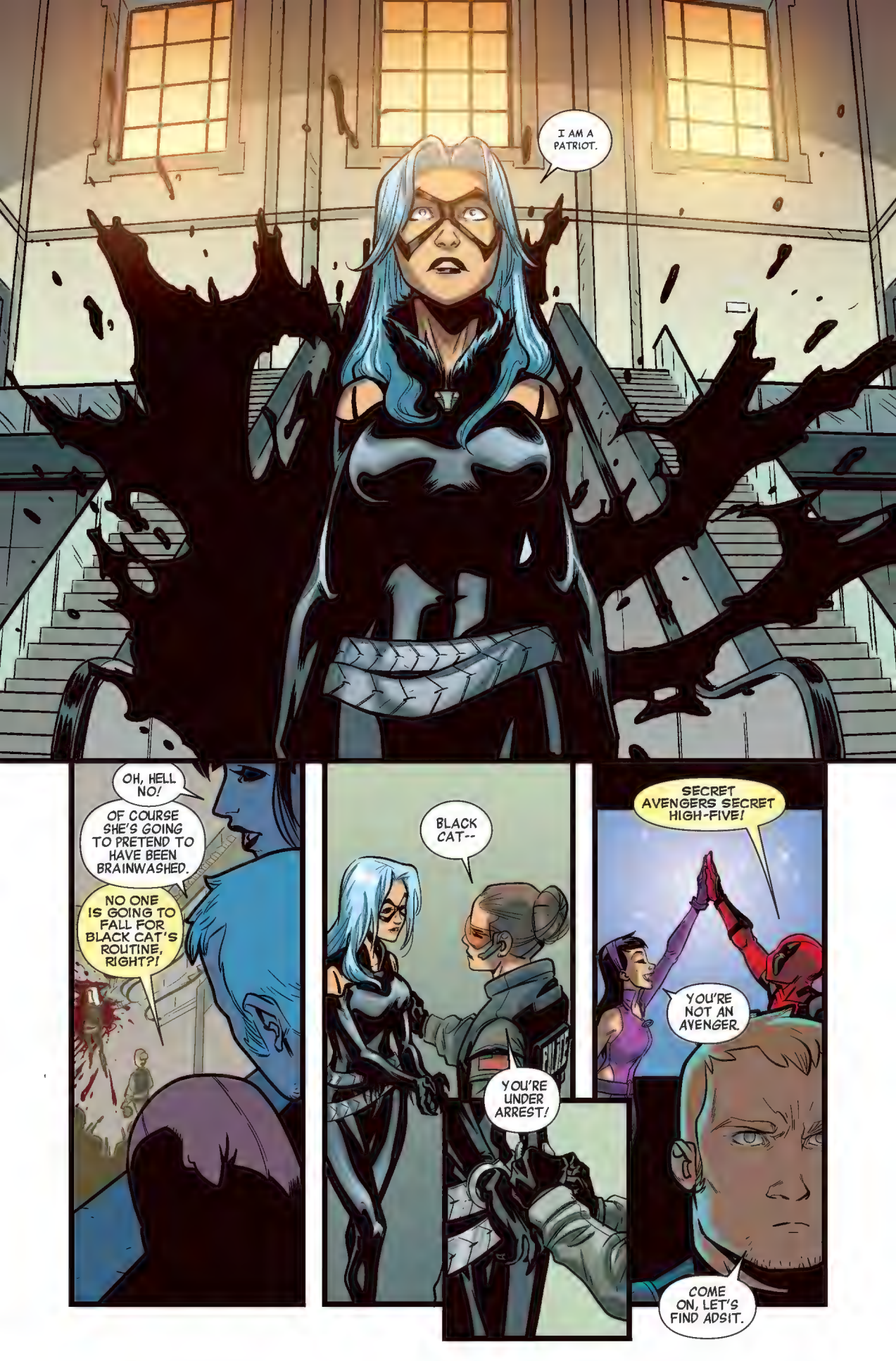
MARY.
I KNOW YOU.
THIS ISN'T YOU.
YOU'RE NO MURDERER.
WHU?
AND IF YOU WERE A MURDERER, YOU WOULDN'T JUST ROAST PEOPLE ALIVE.
WAIT, YOU DON'T KNOW ME AT--
WHUDD
GUFF

I FEEL REALLY BAD ABOUT THAT, BUT SHE WAS BURNING US ALIVE.
BELIEVE ME, SHE DESERVES IT.
SORRY, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE SOONER, BUT I RAN INTO TROUBLE.
YEAH, WE SAW THE CRASH.
OH, NO, I MEANT YOUR OLD-TIMEY HAWKEYE UNIFORM. I STOPPED TO CHANGE OUT OF IT--WHAT A DISASTER!
I'VE WORN A LOT OF UNCOMFORTABLE DRESSES IN MY TIME, BUT NONE WORSE THAN BARTON'S. CLINGY IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES.
LET'S FOCUS FOR A MOMENT.
HAND.
FOOT.
GERONIMO.
ONE.
TWO.
TRES.

MY NAME IS WADE WILSON. AND TODAY I'M HAWKEYE.
A HAWKEYE THAT SHOOTS DEADPOOLS AT PEOPLE.
TWOK
ARRGH!
THAK
THEY DON'T GIVE UP!
THROW ME THE DRIVE!
HERE!
EXIT
YOINK!
EXIT
STAY RIGHT THERE, I'M GOING TO BOUNCE BACK UP, BUT THEN I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN AGAIN TO KICK MY FOOT ALL THE WAY UP YOUR ASSES.

IT'S OVER. WE'RE CAUGHT.
PLAY IT COOL WITH ME, DOCTOR. I HAVE AN OUT.
WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT YOUR BRAINWASHING PROGRAM, I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
POLICE
WHAT CAN I SAY? MY TALENT WAS ENCOURAGED BY MY PARENTS AND THEN LATER VARIOUS EXTRALEGAL GOVERNMENT PSY-OPS PROGRAMS.
MY POINT IS, EVEN THOUGH WE'VE HAD A RUN OF UNCHARACTERISTIC *BAD LUCK*, I STILL BELIEVE IN YOUR HUMAN DRONE PROGRAM.
THANK YOU, FELICIA.
THAT'S WHY IT'S SO HARD TO SAY *GOODBYE*.
WOW.

WELL, THAT'S ALWAYS... I'VE NEVER HAD A WORKPLACE ROMANCE BEFORE...
OH DEAR!
MY COAT!
AH! MY TIE!
HELP!
AEEEEIII!
SPASGHRASHFFT


I AM A PATRIOT.
OH, HELL NO!
OF COURSE SHE'S GOING TO PRETEND TO HAVE BEEN BRAINWASHED.
NO ONE IS GOING TO FALL FOR BLACK CAT'S ROUTINE, RIGHT?!
BLACK CAT--
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
SECRET AVENGERS SECRET HIGH-FIVE!
YOU'RE NOT AN AVENGER.
COME ON, LET'S FIND ADSIT.

DOWN IN THE STREET, A FEW MINUTES LATER.
WHERE'S THE DATA? IS IT SAFE?
WE GOT IT!
YOU THE WOMAN THAT NUKED OUR POWER STATION? HOPE YOU GOT A FAT BANK ACCOUNT.
WAIT, WHAT!? IT WAS AN EMERGENCY!
I BLEW UP THE PLANT. PUT IT ON MY TAB!
OOF!
WE NEVER GOT TO WRAP UP OUR UNFINISHED BUSINESS, MARY.
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU DID TO ME.
ISS OKAY. I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO GO TO JAIL NOW AND THEN BEDDY-BYE.
WE SEDATED HER TO COUNTER HER MUTANT ABILITIES.
WHO WANTS TO TELL ME HOW THIS SITUATION SPIRALED INTO A BLACKOUT IN LOWER MANHATTAN?
MY FAULT.
BLACK CAT'S MAD DOCTOR GOT HIS HOOKS IN ME, AND ONCE WE FOUND THE DRIVE, I "ACTIVATED," TOOK OUT KATE AND WADE AND DELIVERED THE DRIVE RIGHT INTO BLACK CAT'S HANDS.

WHOA, WHOA--WE GAVE CLINT THE DRIVE, AS "SENIOR AVENGER" ON THE SCENE.
REALLY?
YEAH, NOBODY LOST A FIGHT, THERE WAS NO FIGHT.
UH...OKAY. MY RECOLLECTIONS ARE FOGGY.
WHATEVER HAPPENS: DON'T LET HER CLAIM SHE'S JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DOCTOR.
DON'T WORRY. SHE'S GOING TO FACE JUSTICE.
AGENT ADSIT? THE FDNY WANTS TO KNOW IF THEY CAN FREE THE PERP THAT HAS BEEN...YOU KNOW, ARROWED TO THE STAIRS?
YOU GUYS IMPALED ONE OF THE PERPS TO THE STAIRS?
I WAS THERE--IT WAS TOTALLY CALLED FOR.
TAKE ME UP TO THE SCENE.
WELL, IF NOTHING ELSE MY OPINION OF BLACK CAT IS FOREVER CHANGED.
I COULDN'T TELL IF SHE USED HER BAD LUCK POWERS ON ME OR NOT.
WHAT A SAD INDICTMENT OF YOUR LIFE.

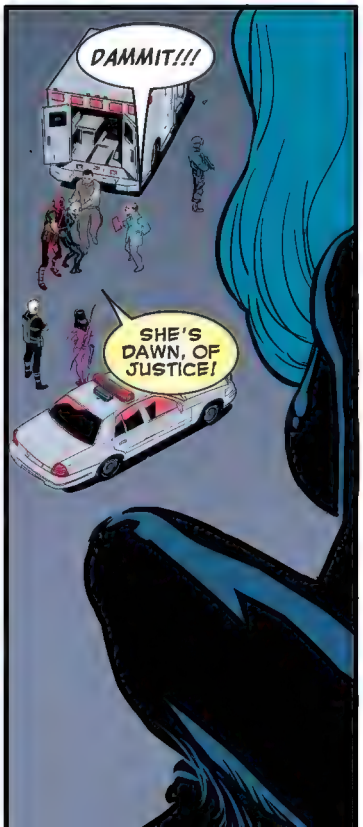
SHE LOOKS OUT OF IT.
NOTHING TO SAY, FELICIA? OR SHOULD I SAY-- CAT'S GOT YOUR TONGUE?
YOU KNOW, IF YOU TAKE YOUR BAD LUCK VOODOO OFF ME, MAYBE I'LL PUT A GOOD WORD IN FOR YOU.
I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO ADD SOME CLOSING REMARKS.
STEALING STUFF AND POSTING IT ON THE INTERNET IS WRONG.
NYP

I'M TALKING TO YOU BACK THERE.
HA! WHOOPSIE. THIS ISN'T BLACK CAT.
WHAT?!

YOU OKAY? YOU WERE THE COP THAT ARRESTED HARDY, RIGHT?
I AM A PATRIOT.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SWEETIE?
WHAT?!
I'M DAWN... OF JUSTICE.
DAWN MUSAT OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

HA-HA-HA.
SAY IT AGAIN!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WHO'S SHE?
BLACK CAT GOT AWAY.


DAMMIT!!!
SHE'S DAWN, OF JUSTICE!

LATER THAT NIGHT AT CLINT'S APARTMENT...
BLACK CAT CAN'T RUN FROM THIS. SHE'LL PAY, I PROMISE. EVERYONE IN S.H.I.E.L.D. THANKS YOU THREE FOR WHAT YOU DID.
JUST LET SPIDEY DEAL WITH HER. THEY'LL FIGHT AND THEN MAKE OUT OR WHATNOT.
YEAH, OR THAT. EITHER WAY, ALL OF US WITH BADGES ARE IN YOUR DEBT.
I'M GOING TO HAVE DR. STRANGE GIVE ME A ONCE-OVER. MAKE SURE NONE OF BLACK CAT'S STINK IS ON ME.
I'M GOING TO HAVE DOMINO MAKE SURE NONE OF BLACK CAT'S BAD VOODOO IS STUCK ON ME. WANT TO JOIN?
I DON'T KNOW WHO "DOMINO" IS, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO A STRIP CLUB WITH YOU.
I'M GONNA MISS US! WE WERE A GREAT TEAM! WE SHOULD BE A TEAM, RIGHT?
WELL, UNTIL NEXT TIME!
BUMP ME!
PLEASE DON'T LET THERE BE A "NEXT TIME."
I HAVE TO ADMIT... SHOOTING THE ROCKET LAUNCHER WAS AWESOME.
AND THAT'S WHY YOU ARE THE BETTER HAWKEYE.

BOOM!
THANKS FOR HELPING ME SAVE CLINT. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.
I DIDN'T NEED SAVING!
YOU'RE A GOOD DUDE, DEADPOOL.
DON'T SPREAD THAT AROUND, BISHOP. IT WON'T HELP EITHER OF US.
HEY, MEAN ARROW, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEMO?
OH.
WANT HELP? I CAN GET EVEN THE MOST STUBBORN BLOODSTAINS OUT OF ALMOST ANYTHING.
IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY.
NO. I'LL HANDLE IT ALONE.

THE DRONES ARE ROUNDED UP AND DEPROGRAMMED.
I'M STILL FURIOUS WITH BLACK CAT.
AND I'M MAD AT MYSELF.
JOYFUL CAT
100%
I KNOW WE DID SOME GOOD, AND PROTECTED LAW ENFORCEMENT FAMILIES...
...BUT I SHUT A DOOR, AND CHANGED A LOT OF LIVES.
THERE'S NOBODY TO BEAT UP FOR THAT EXCEPT ME.
SO I SCRUB THE SIDEWALK UNTIL MY FINGERS BLEED.
THE END...FOR NOW!

"A great creative team and an even greater cast." —IGN.com

WHAT DO HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL HAVE IN COMMON?

Once upon a time, champions emerged to fight the evil plaguing humanity. They fought for all that was good in the world. They were kind, generous and self-sacrificing. They were heroes. These are not those heroes. It's Halloween in Brooklyn, and a S.H.I.E.L.D. espionage mystery has Hawkeye and Deadpool racing the clock. But things aren't what they seem! Why are the bad guys dressed as good guys? And what does the Black Cat have to do with it? Marvel's most beloved (and simultaneously annoying) duo is on the case! But with villains masquerading as heroes, who can Deadpool and Hawkeye trust? And no, it's not one another. As the baddest brawlers in Brooklyn tear up the town, will Deadpool and Hawkeye kill each other before they figure it out?

Collecting *Hawkeye vs. Deadpool #0-4* — written by Gerry Duggan, and illustrated by Matteo Lolli and Jacopo Camagni.

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